

CANDY

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

SM
★
6

JUNE
No.4

10¢



TED DAWSON,
I WISH YOU
WOULDN'T MAKE
SUCH A HOG
OF YOURSELF!

CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP

SAHLE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NEW! *Jim Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 **ELECTRIC BASEBALL**

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME—DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!



SAYS DAD...
THE COACH

HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!

GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD

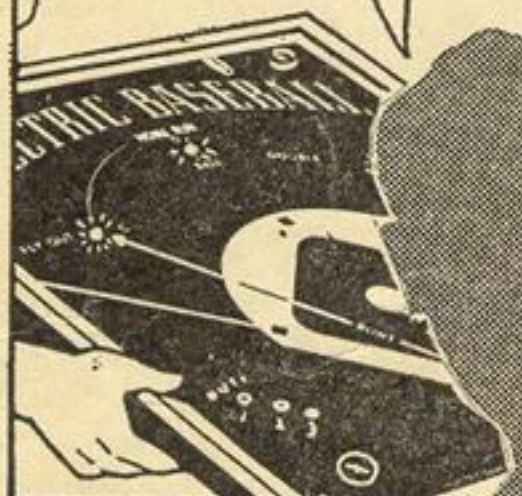
HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!



WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S KEEN!



I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!



WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!



Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play... It's the last of the 9th... score tied bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or "contact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

\$3.00 POSTPAID

Special Price! If you act today you can get your game at the special pre-season price of \$3.00, complete with new extra long-life (5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin \$1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance \$2.00 on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

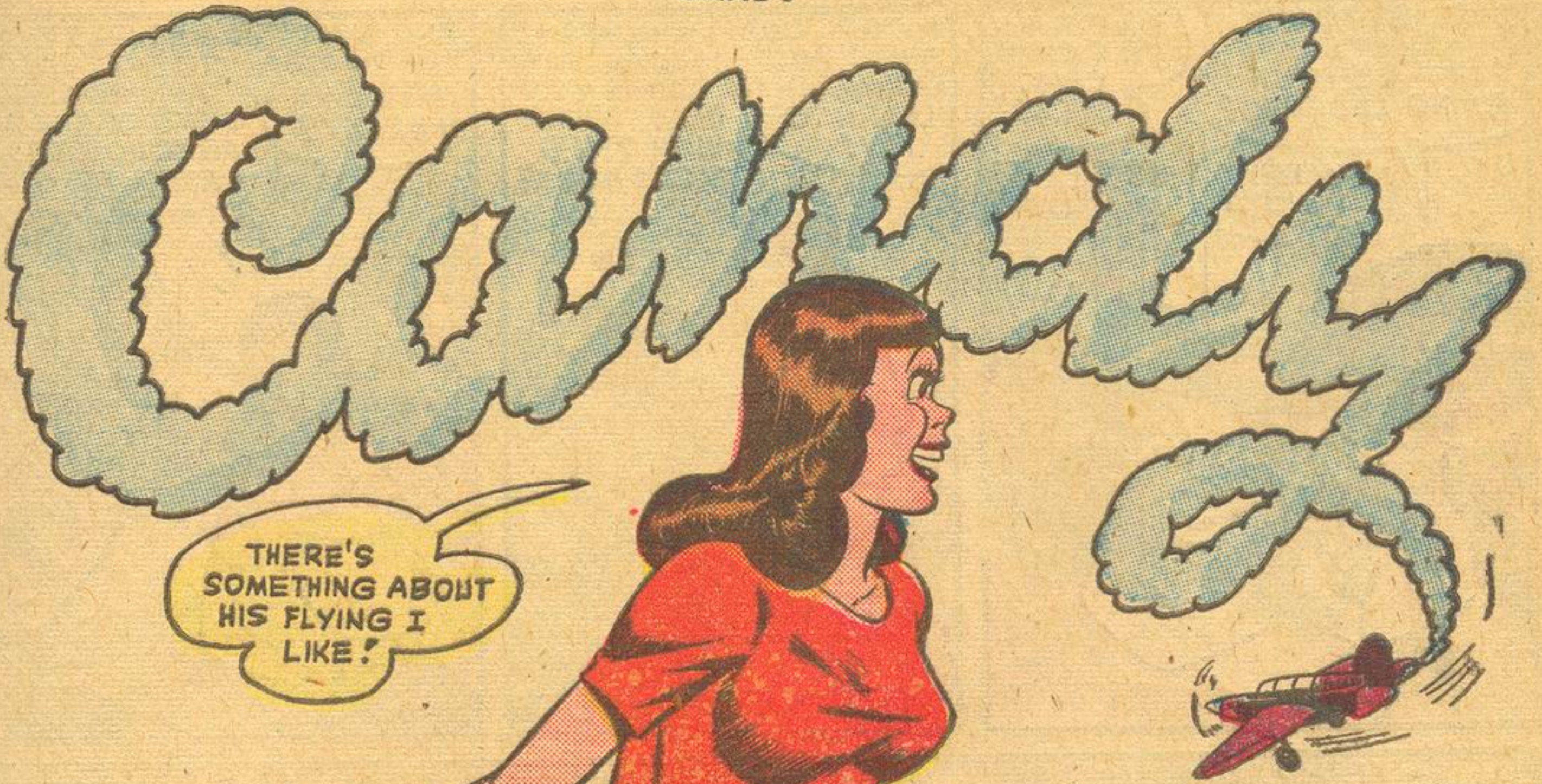
ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

\$3.00	\$2.50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

COD. Send \$1. Postman collects balance.

Name _____ Age _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

CANDY



YEEPS, TINA! HOW'S HE FOR DREAM STUFF? AND A FORMER ARMY FLYER, TOO?

HE'S POSITIVELY DROOLY, CANDY! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?



HIS NAME IS GUY BRANT AND HE'S OPENING A FLYING SCHOOL AT THE HARTWICK AIRPORT!

HAND ME MY DUNCE CAP AND LEAD ME TO TEACHER!

Hartwick Herald
FLYING SCHOOL
OPENS IN HARTWICK



CANDY



CANDY



IF TED DAWSON THINKS HE CAN ORDER ME AROUND, HE'S SADLY MISTAKEN!

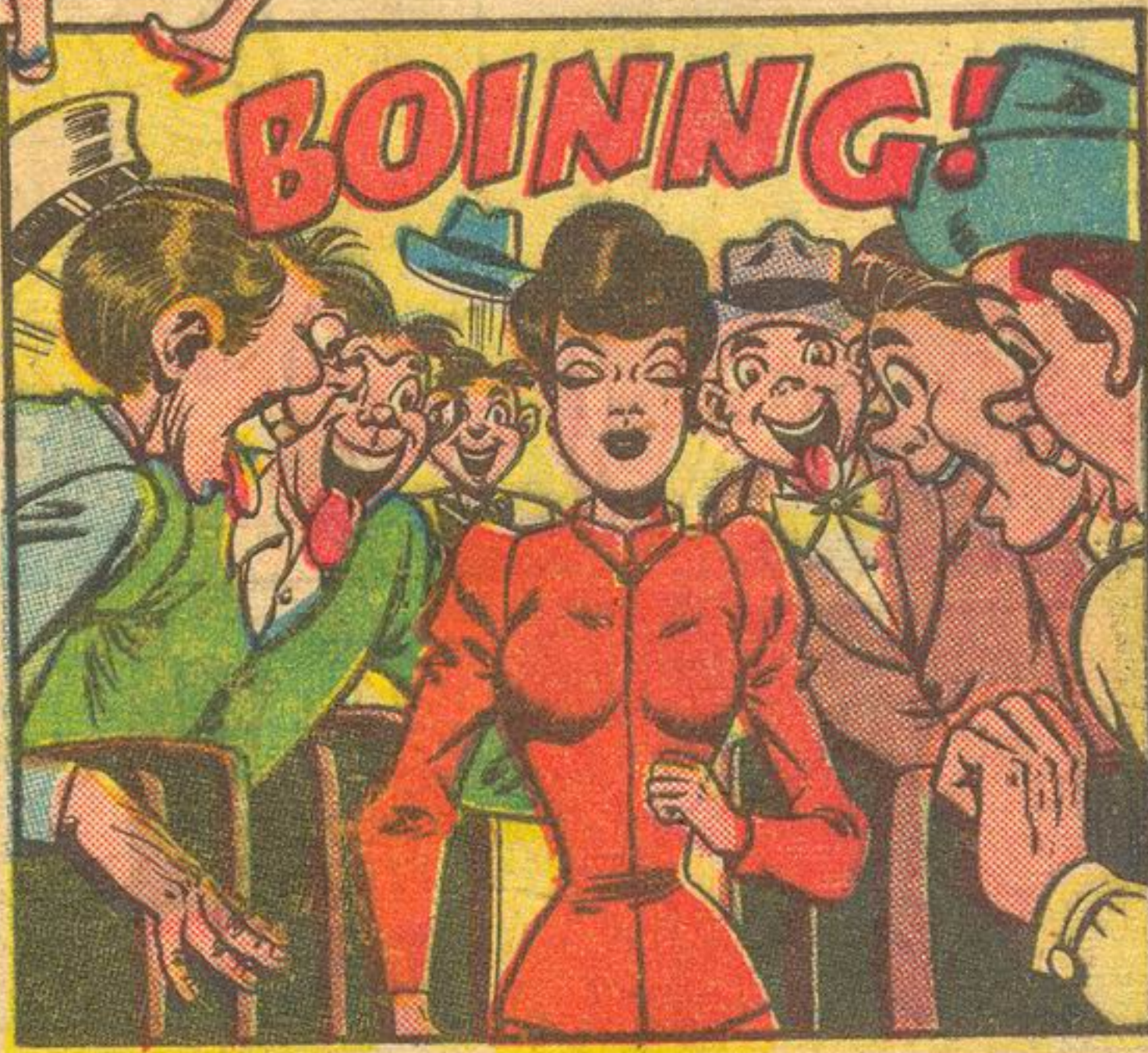


HURRY, CANDY! THE BUS IS DUE! WHEW! DID YOU SAY YOU WERE DRESSING FOR FLYING? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU BOOKED PASSAGE ON A JET-PROPELLED WHISTLE!

WELL, AFTER ALL, TINA, I'M NOT A BABY, EVEN IF TED DOES THINK SO!



COME ON, IT ISN'T CROWDED!



BOINING!



WHAT IS THIS, THE WOLF PATROL?

CANDY, WHERE ARE YOU?



PHEW! I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WASN'T CROWDED?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT CERTAINLY WASN'T LIKE THAT WHEN I GOT ON!

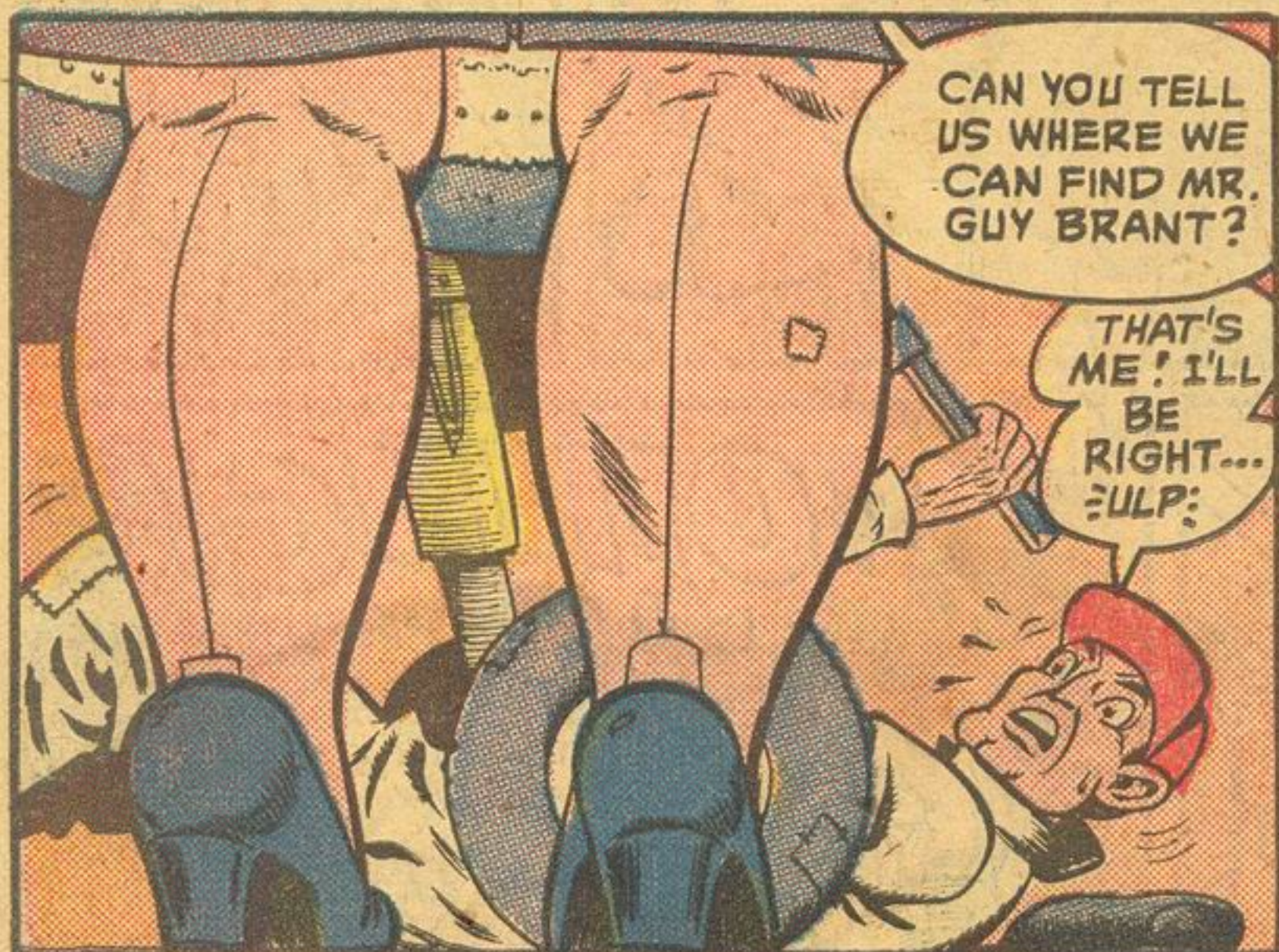
CANDY



NOW TO LOCATE GUY BRANT AND COMMENCE OUR FLYING CAREERS!

MAYBE THE MEN UNDER THOSE PLANES CAN TELL US WHERE HE IS!

OH, CRASH ONT WILL BE FLA CR



CAN YOU TELL US WHERE WE CAN FIND MR. GUY BRANT?

THAT'S ME! I'LL BE RIGHT... ZULP!



WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?

WE WANT TO LEARN HOW TO FLY!



COULDN'T YOU TAKE US UP ON SORT OF A PREVIEW FLIGHT?

WELL, THE SCHOOL HASN'T EXACTLY STARTED YET, BUT---



--GUY BRANT IS AT YOUR SERVICE, LADIES!

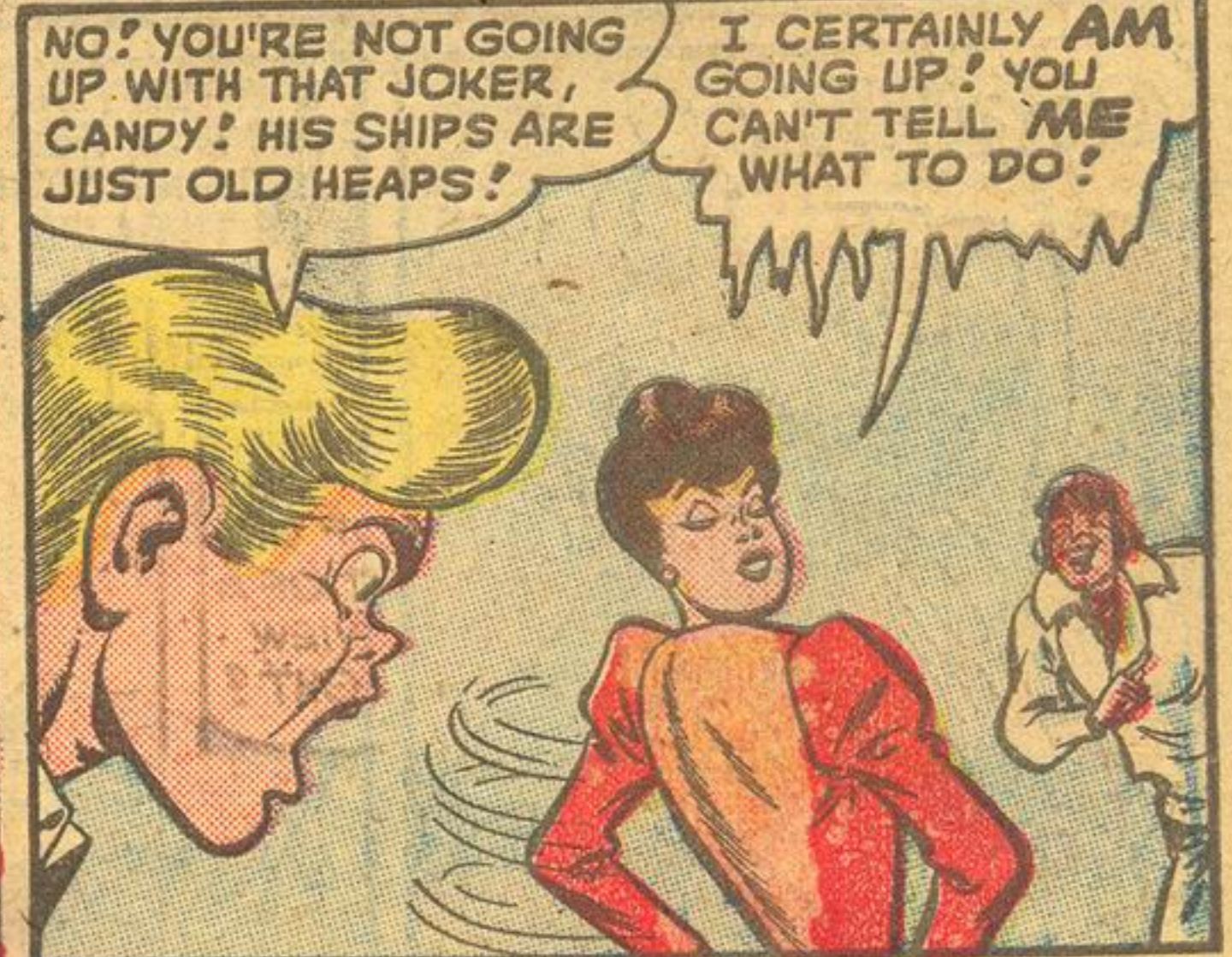


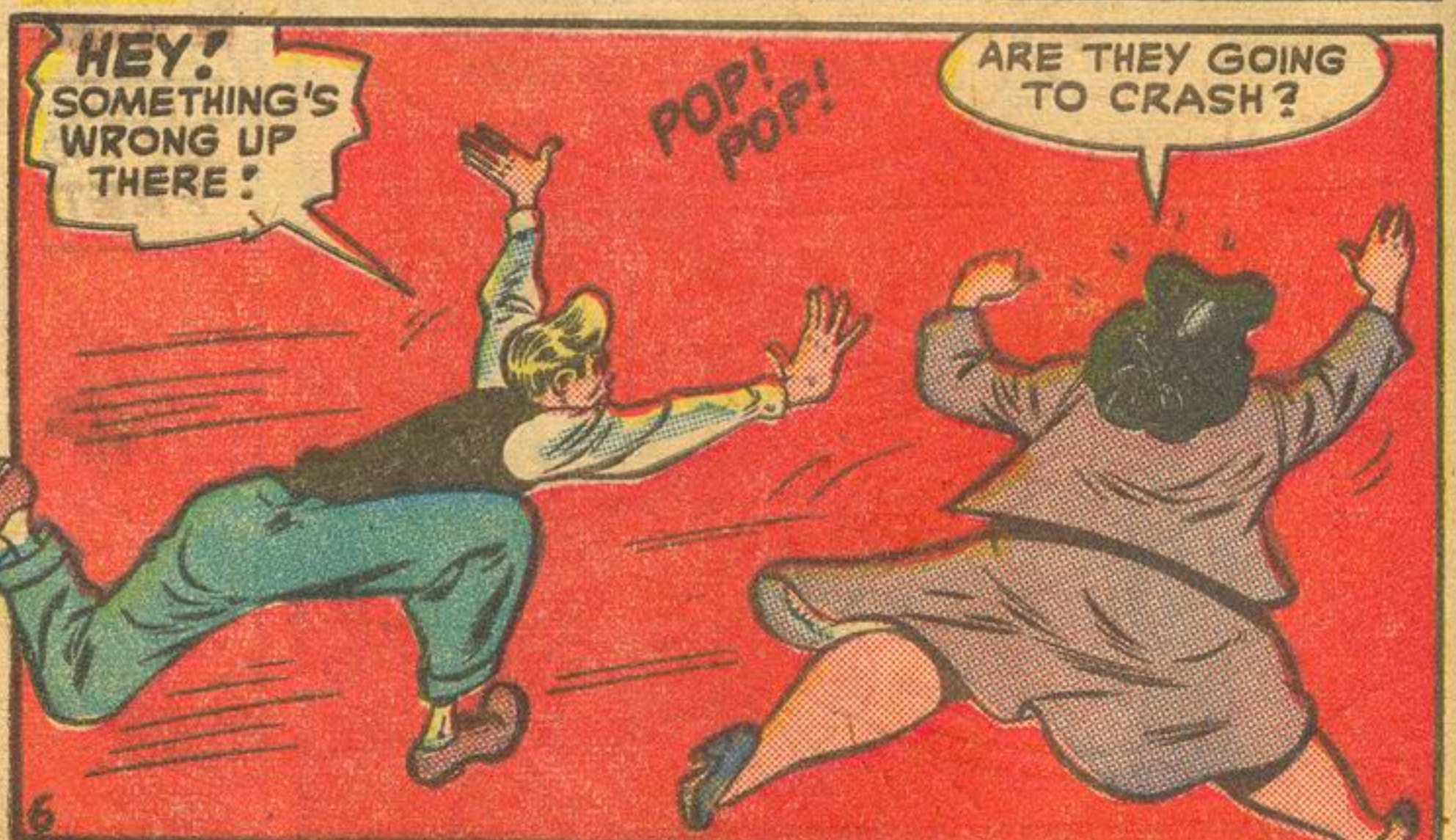
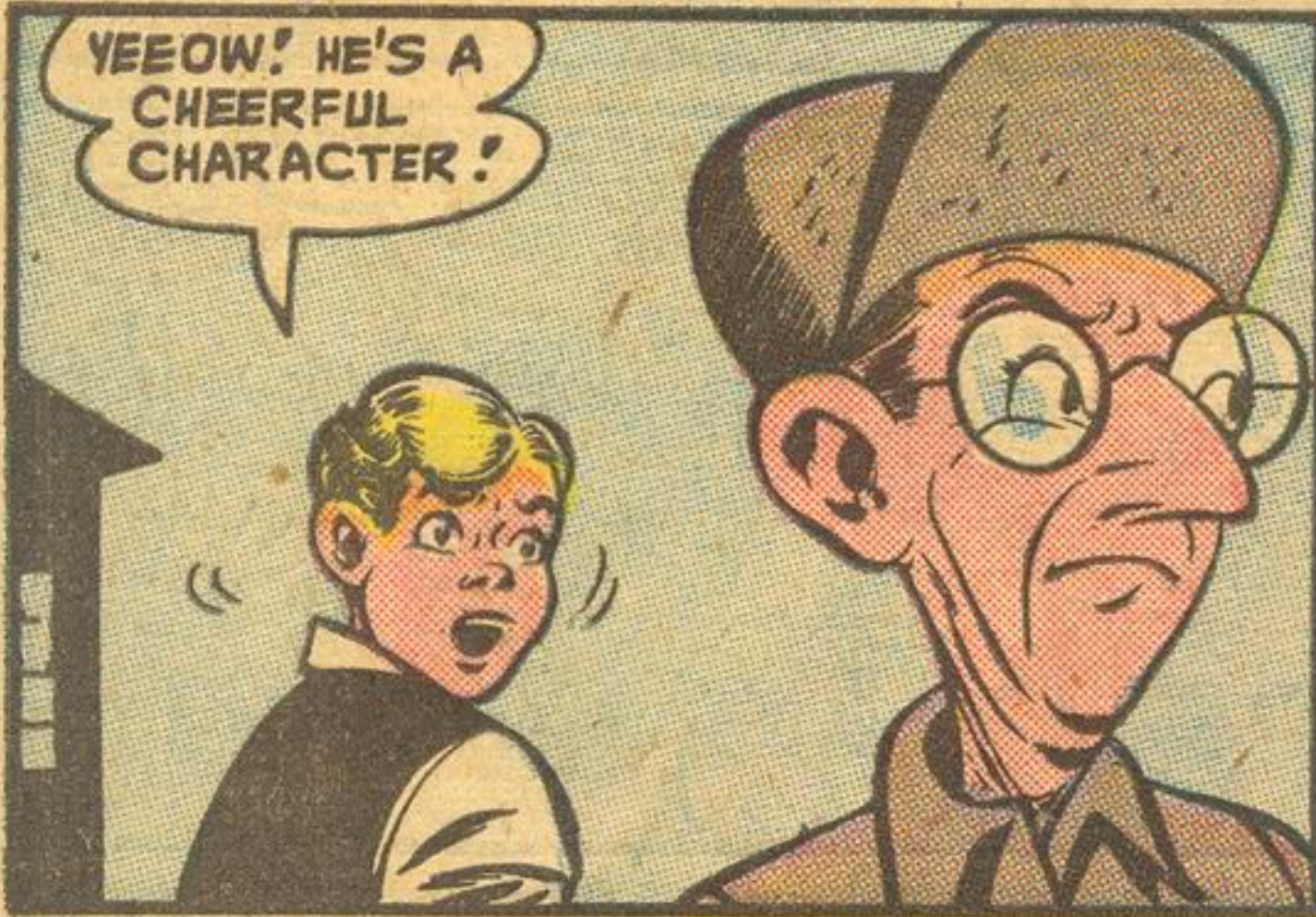
TEE HEE!

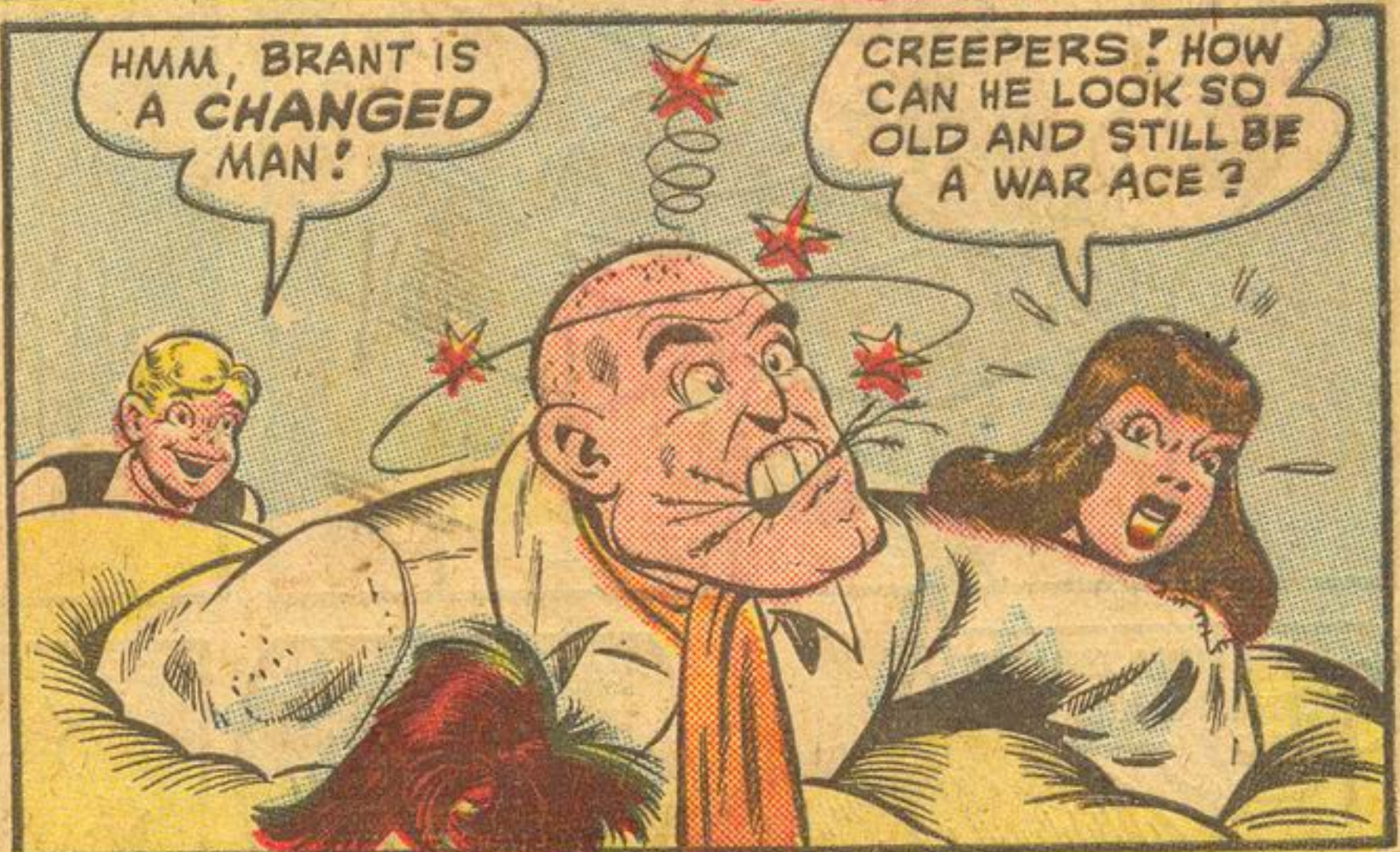
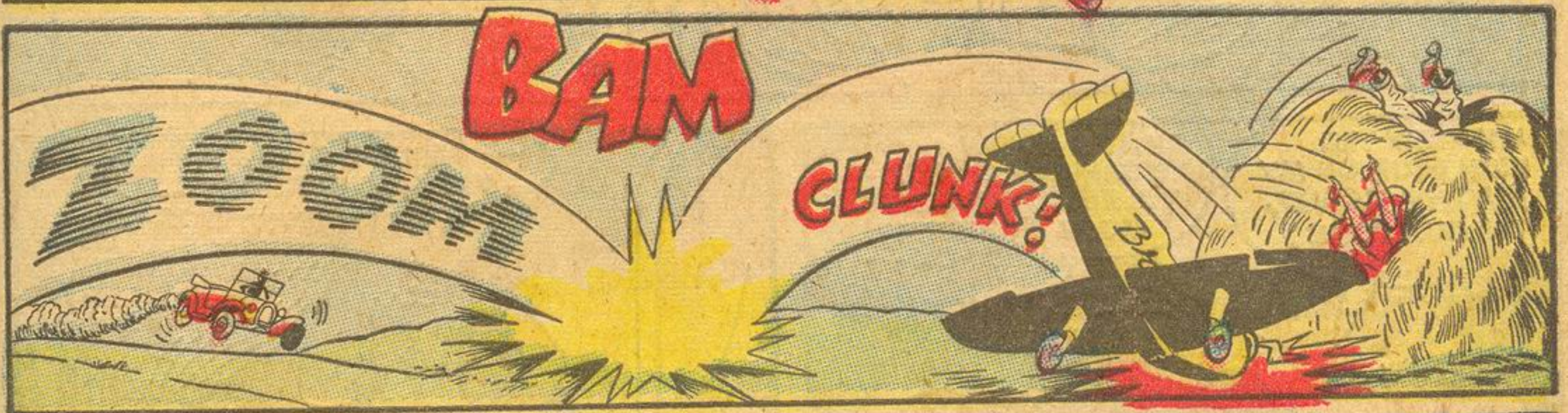
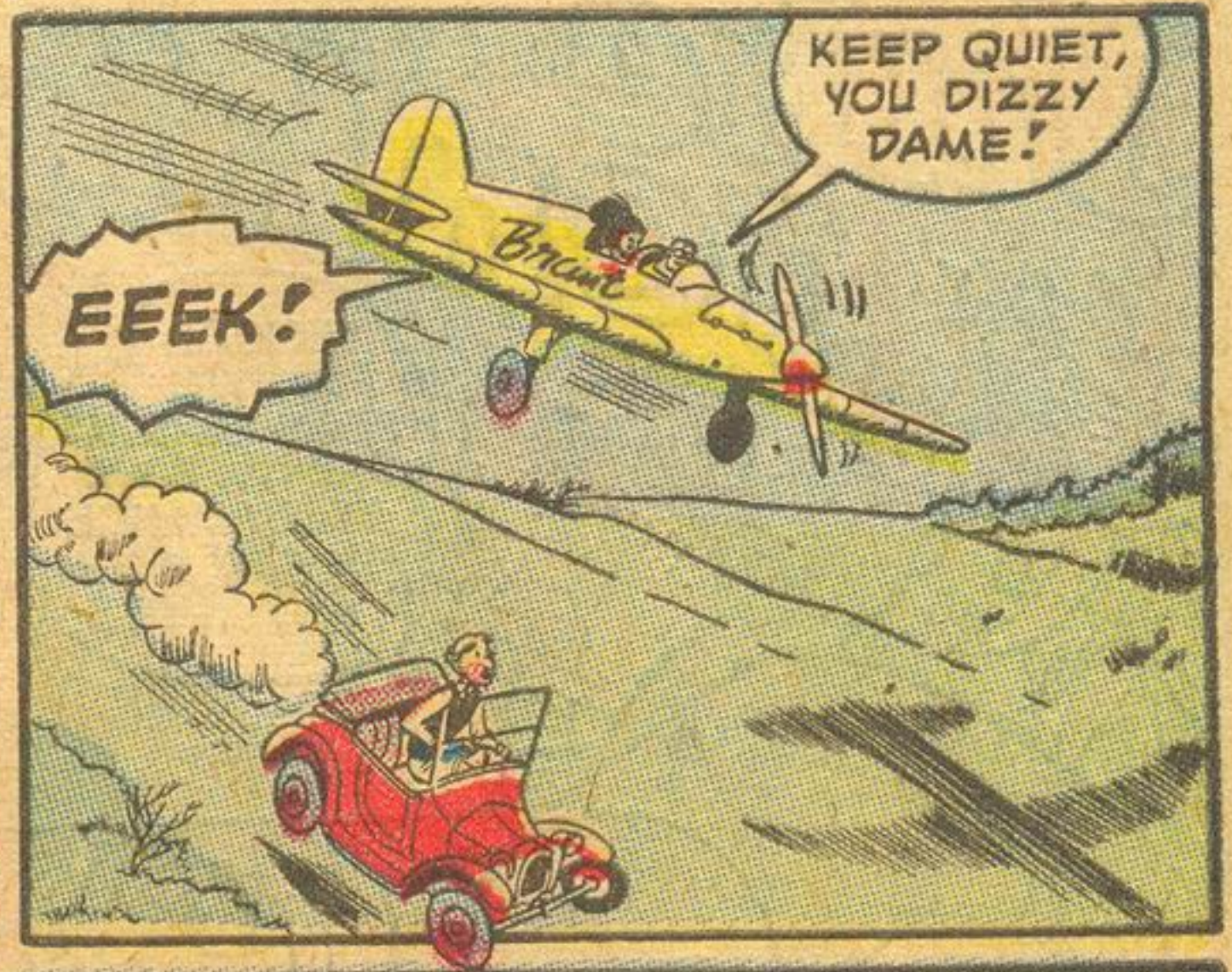
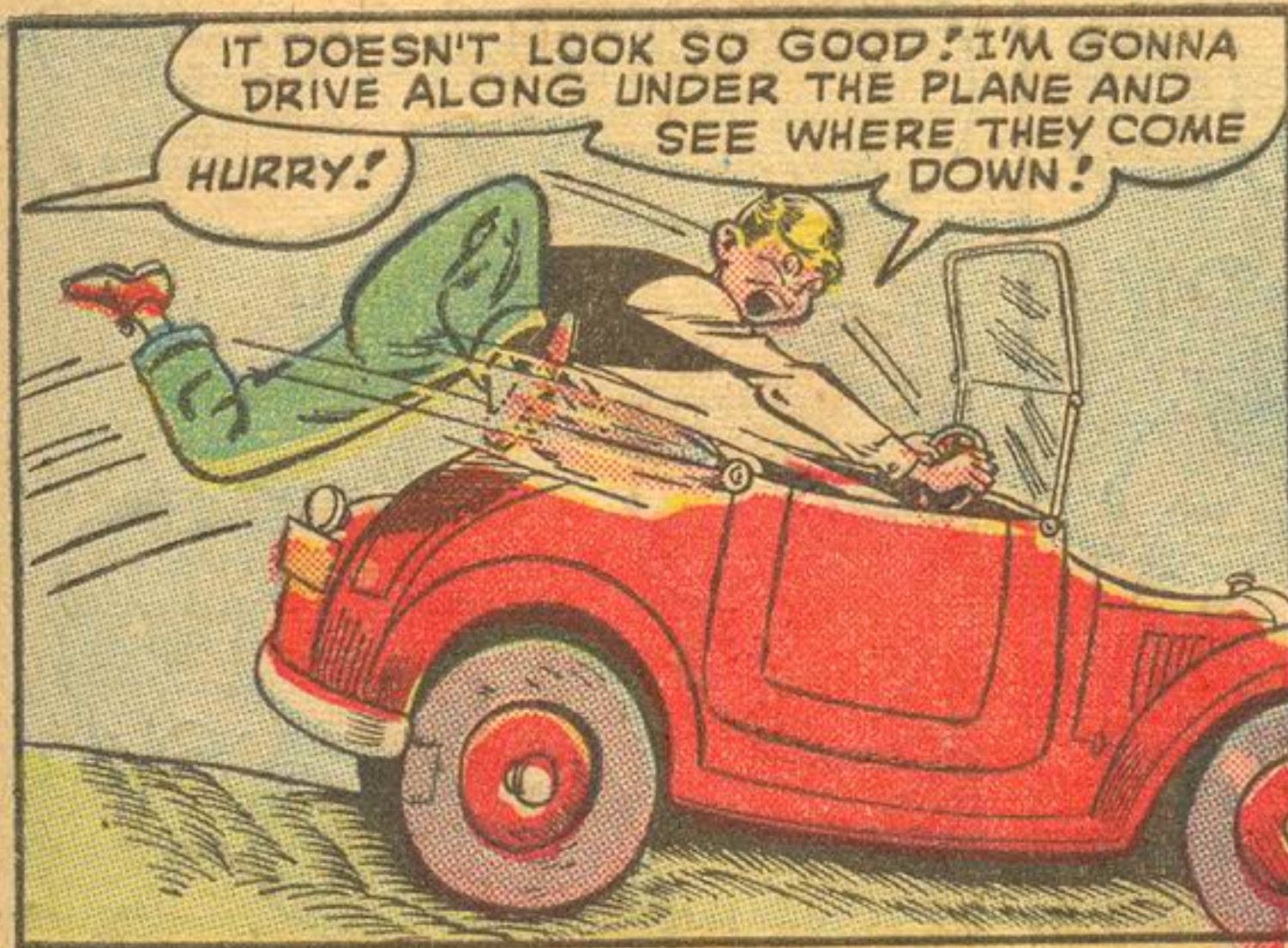


WE CAN MAKE A HOP RIGHT NOW!

HOLD IT, GUY! THOSE SHIPS NEED A FEW MORE REPAIRS!







Juke Jenkins



YEOW! A FUGITIVE FROM HEAVEN! SHE C'N HAVE EVERY DANCE IN MY BOOK ANY TIME!

AHEM! CARE TO LACERATE THE LINOLEUM WITH ME, ANGEL?

WHY NOT? I CARRY ACCIDENT INSURANCE!

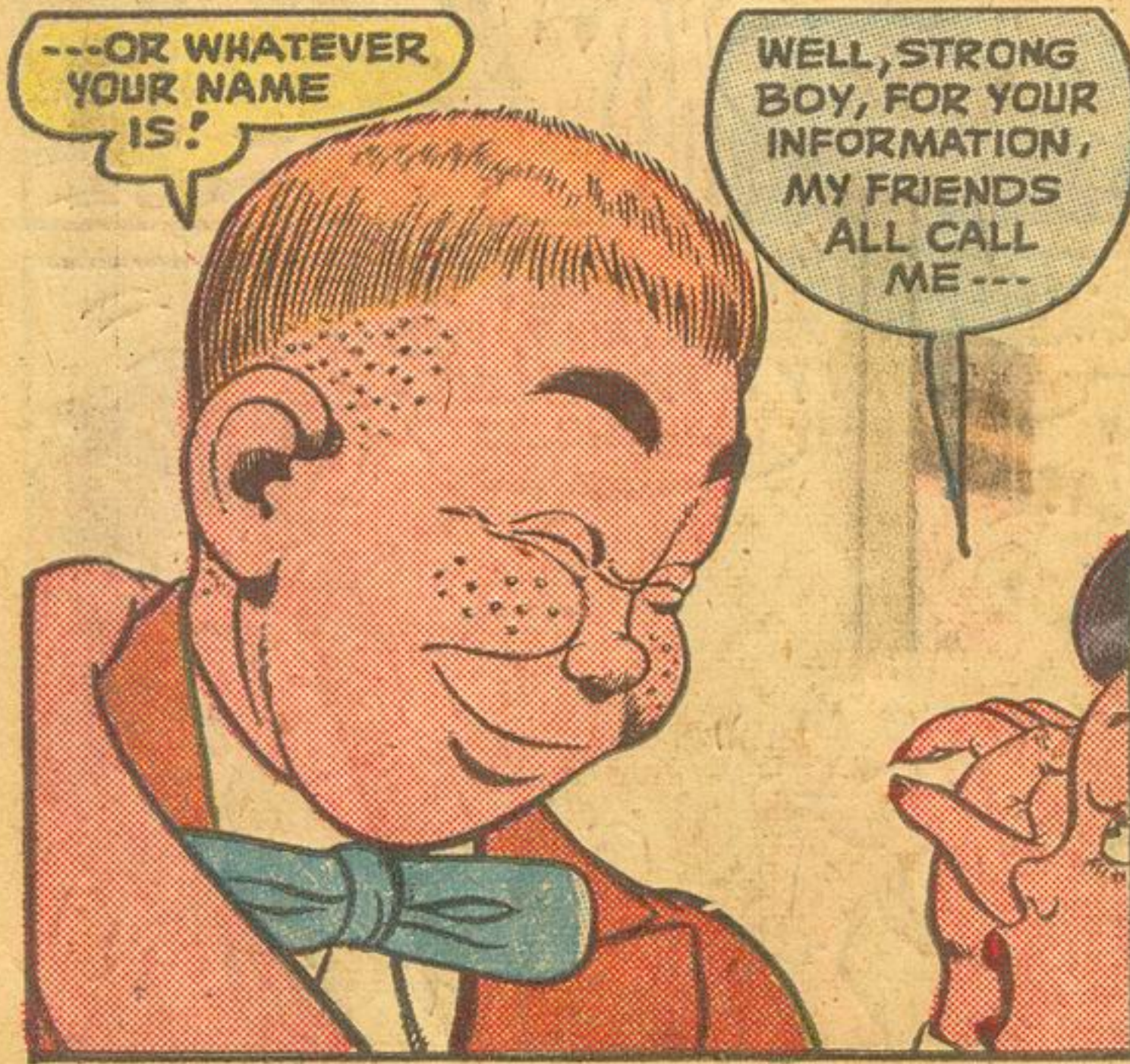


WH-- WHY THE IRON GRIP ON MY RIGHT HAND, TWINKLETOES?

OH, IT'S A NEW TECHNIQUE O' MINE --- TO SEIZE MY VICTIM'S MOST POWERFUL WEAPON ---



--- WHILE I SWIPE A KISS, SUGARFOOT---



---OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS!

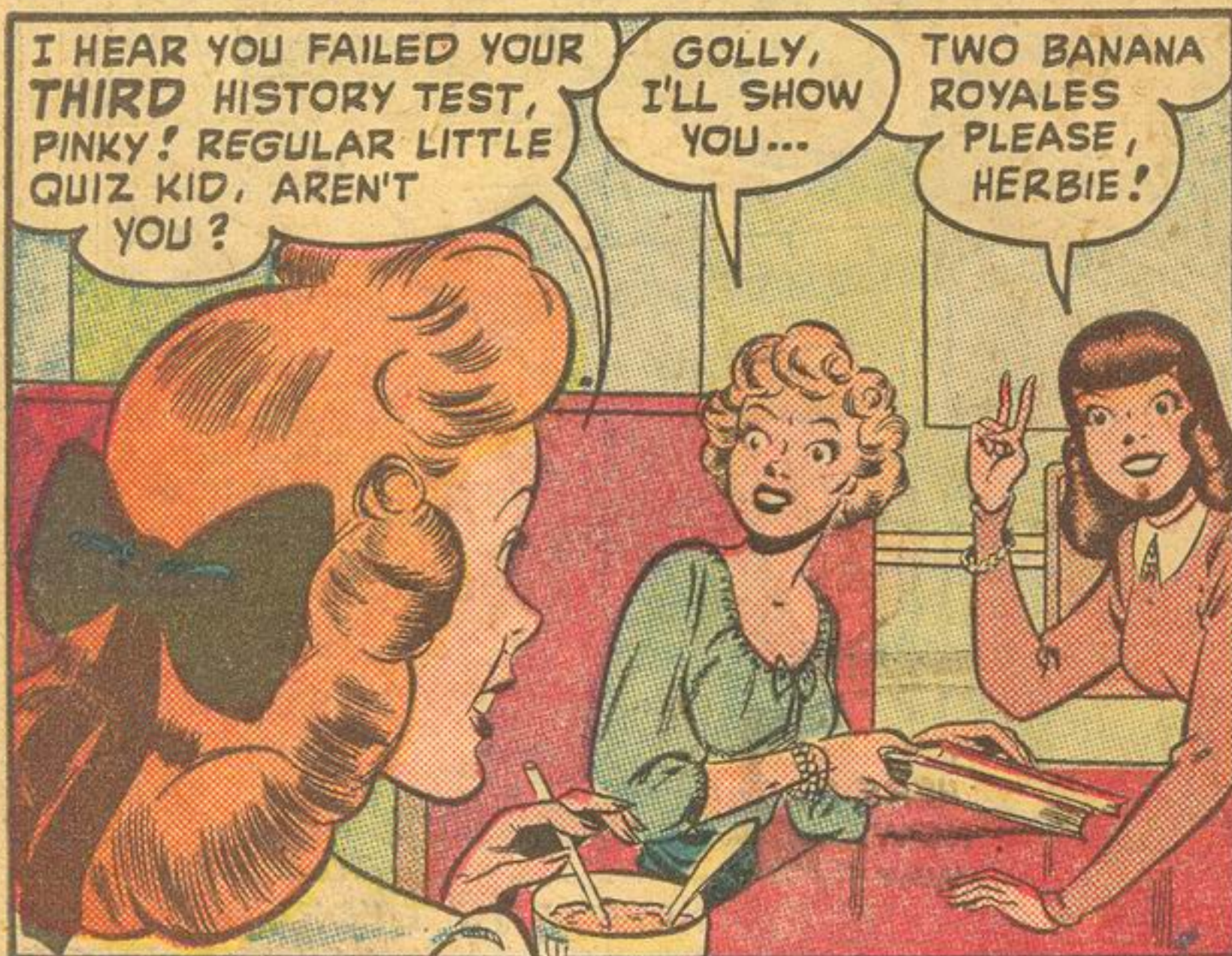
WELL, STRONG BOY, FOR YOUR INFORMATION, MY FRIENDS ALL CALL ME ---



... LEFTY!



CANDY







--- JUST NAME ALL THE PLATTERS WE PLAY AND THE RECORDING ARTISTS, **CORRECTLY**, OF COURSE, AND ---

GOSH!



...THE WINNER WILL GET TWO RECORD ALBUMS **AND** WILL BE DISC JOCKEY ON MY SHOW FOR ONE WHOLE PROGRAM!



I'M GOING TO ENTER THAT CONTEST! IMAGINE... BEING A DISC JOCKEY FOR ONE WHOLE PROGRAM!

CALM YOUR CORPUSCLES, PINKY! WHAT CHANCE HAS ANY OF US GOT? THERE'LL BE HUNDREDS OF ENTRANTS!



LET'S ALL GO INTO THE CONTEST, TED! AND PINKY'S GOT A BETTER CHANCE THAN ANY OF US, TED!



HOW SO?

I'M PRETTY DUMB IN HISTORY, BUT I **DO** KNOW LOTS ABOUT RECORDS 'N STUFF!

I'LL SAY YOU **DO**! AND WHO WOULDN'T LOVE TO TAKE SI DUNCAN'S PLACE FOR ONE DAY!

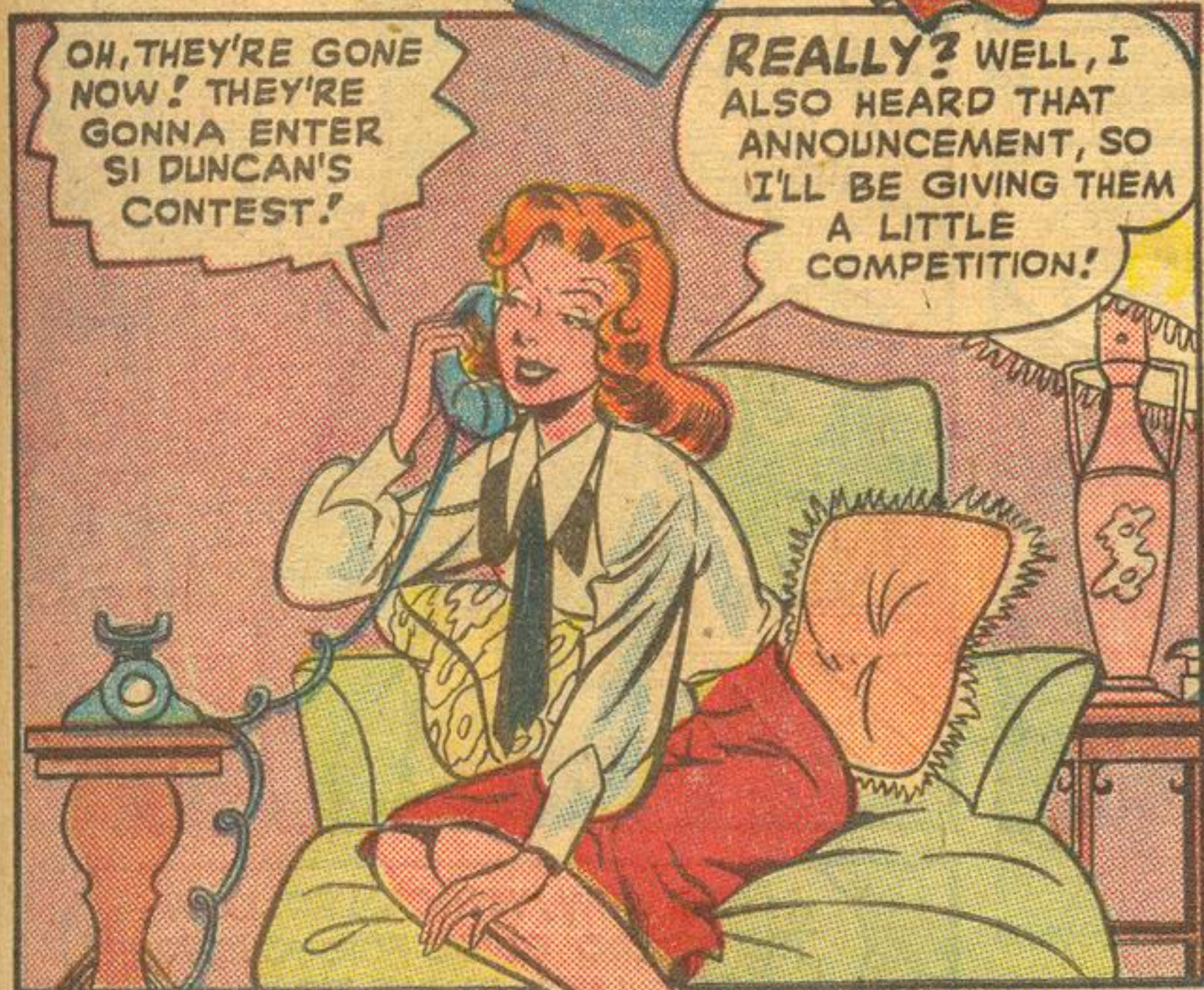
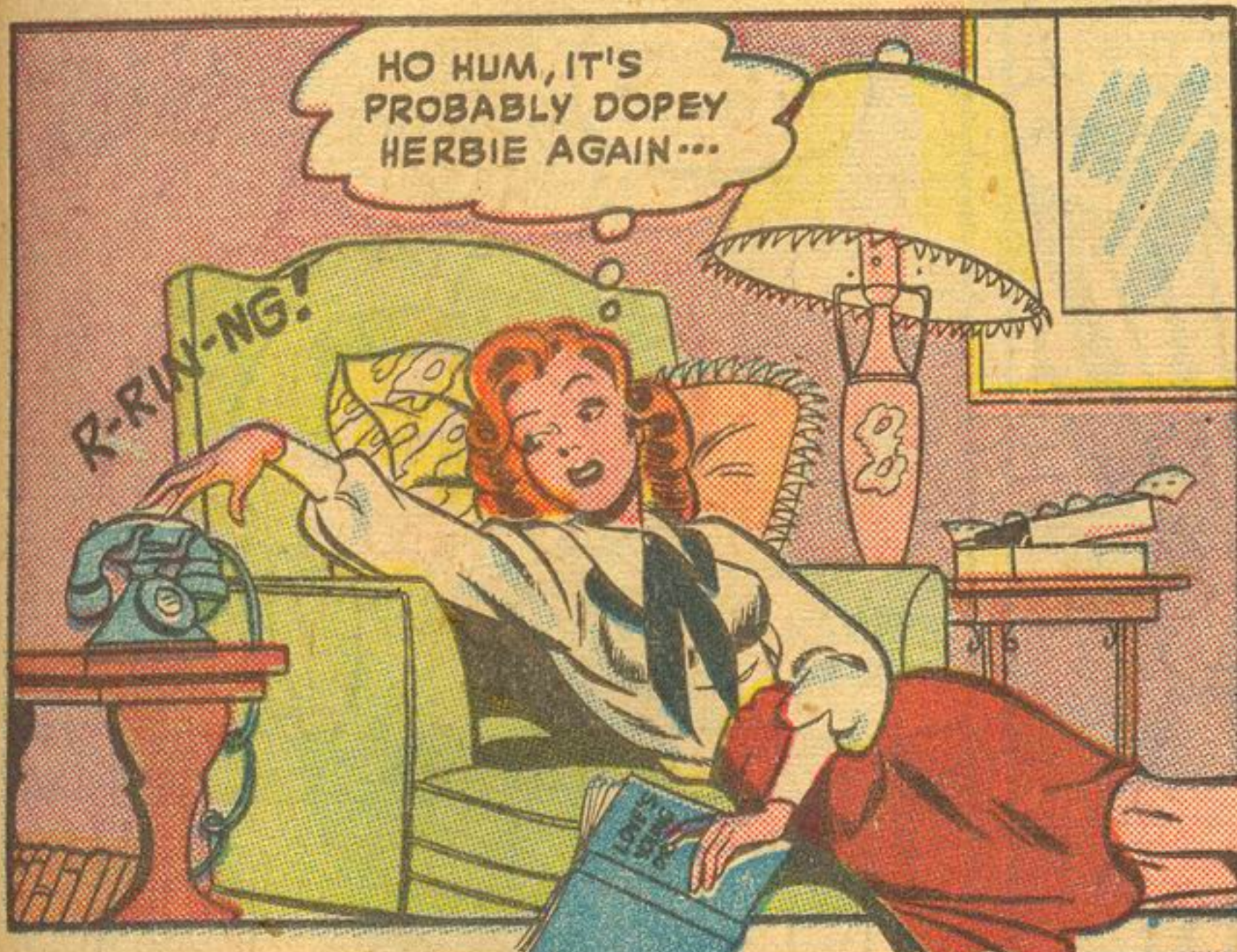


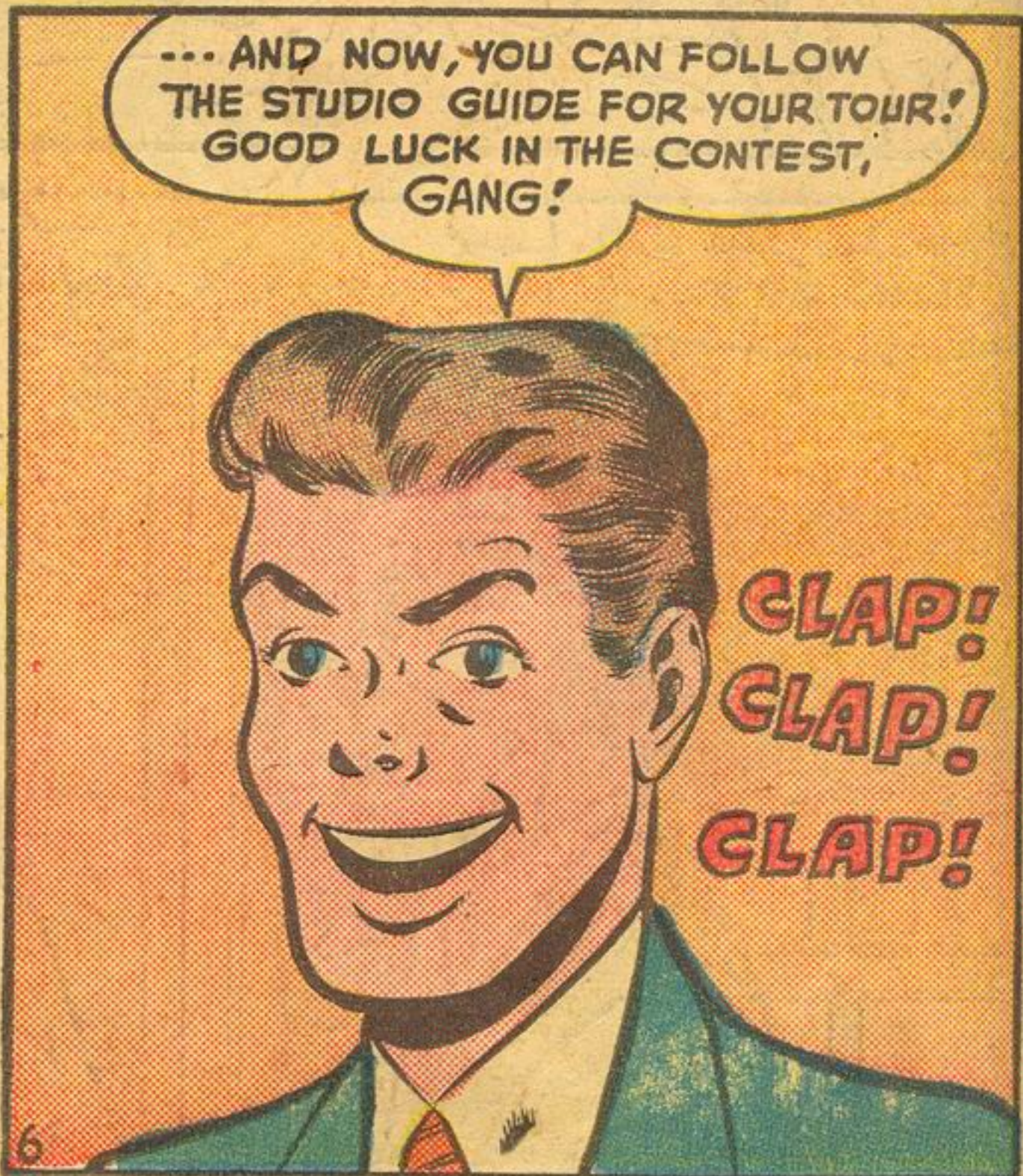
ANYWAY, WE'LL SEE WHAT MAKES HIM TICK ON THE TOUR TOMORROW! S'LONG, HERBIE!

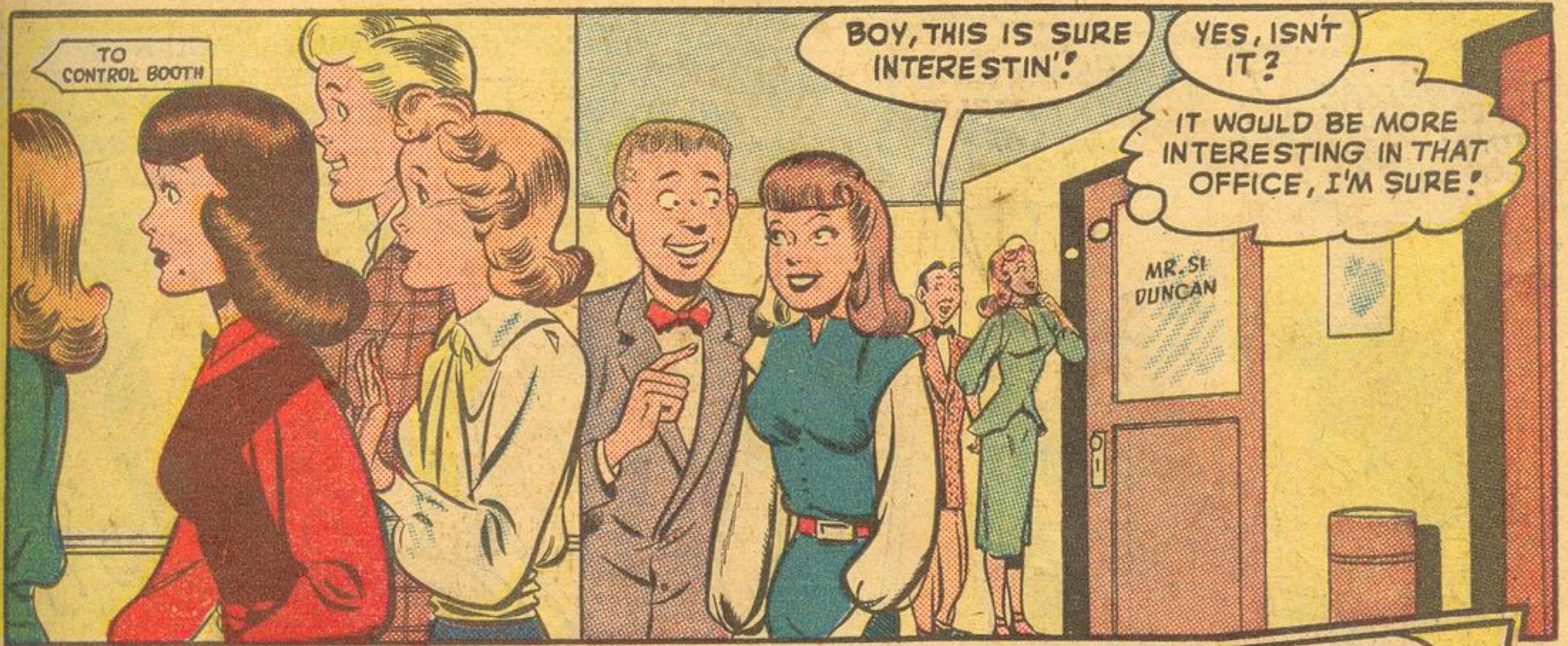
I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

G'BYE!

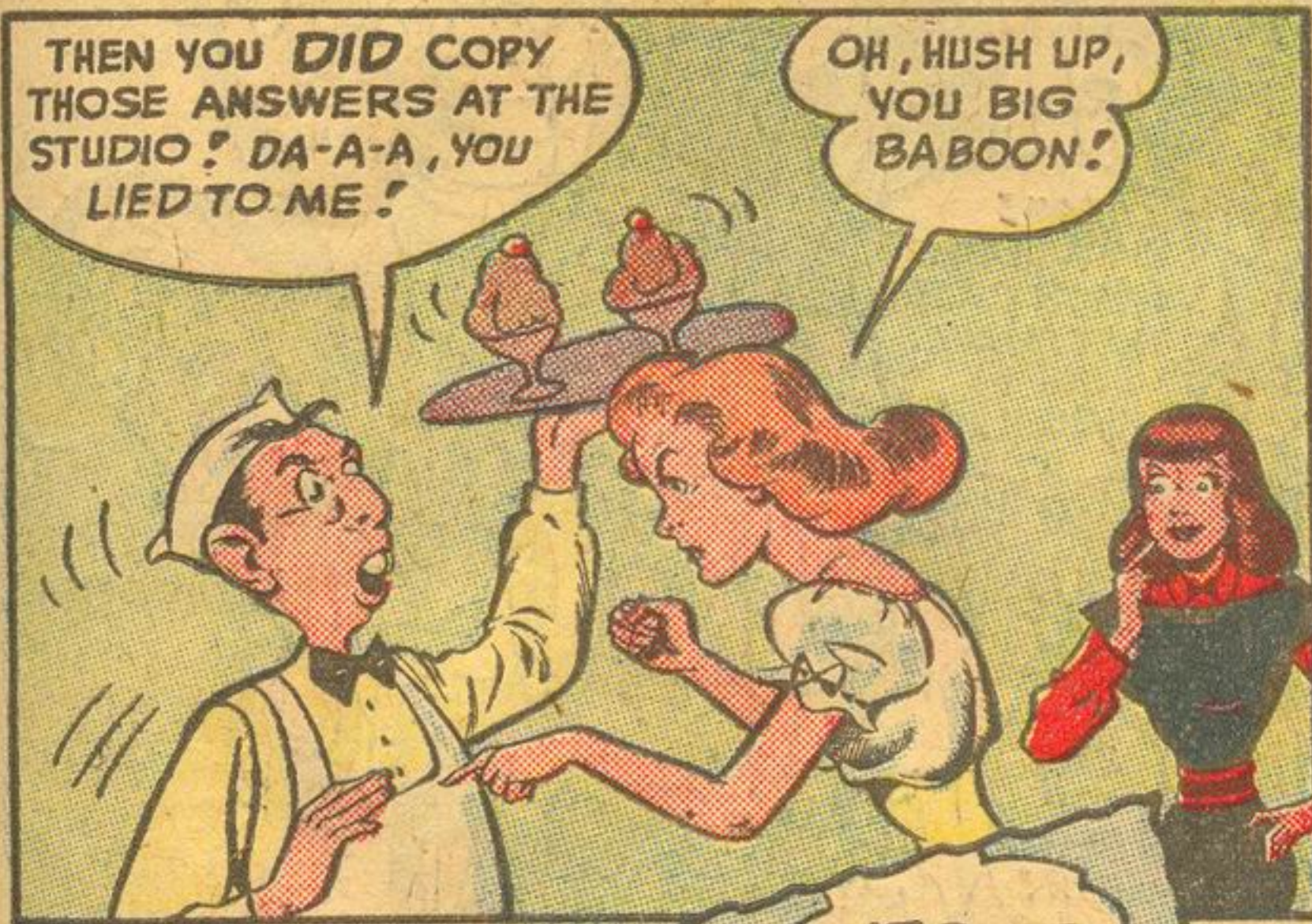
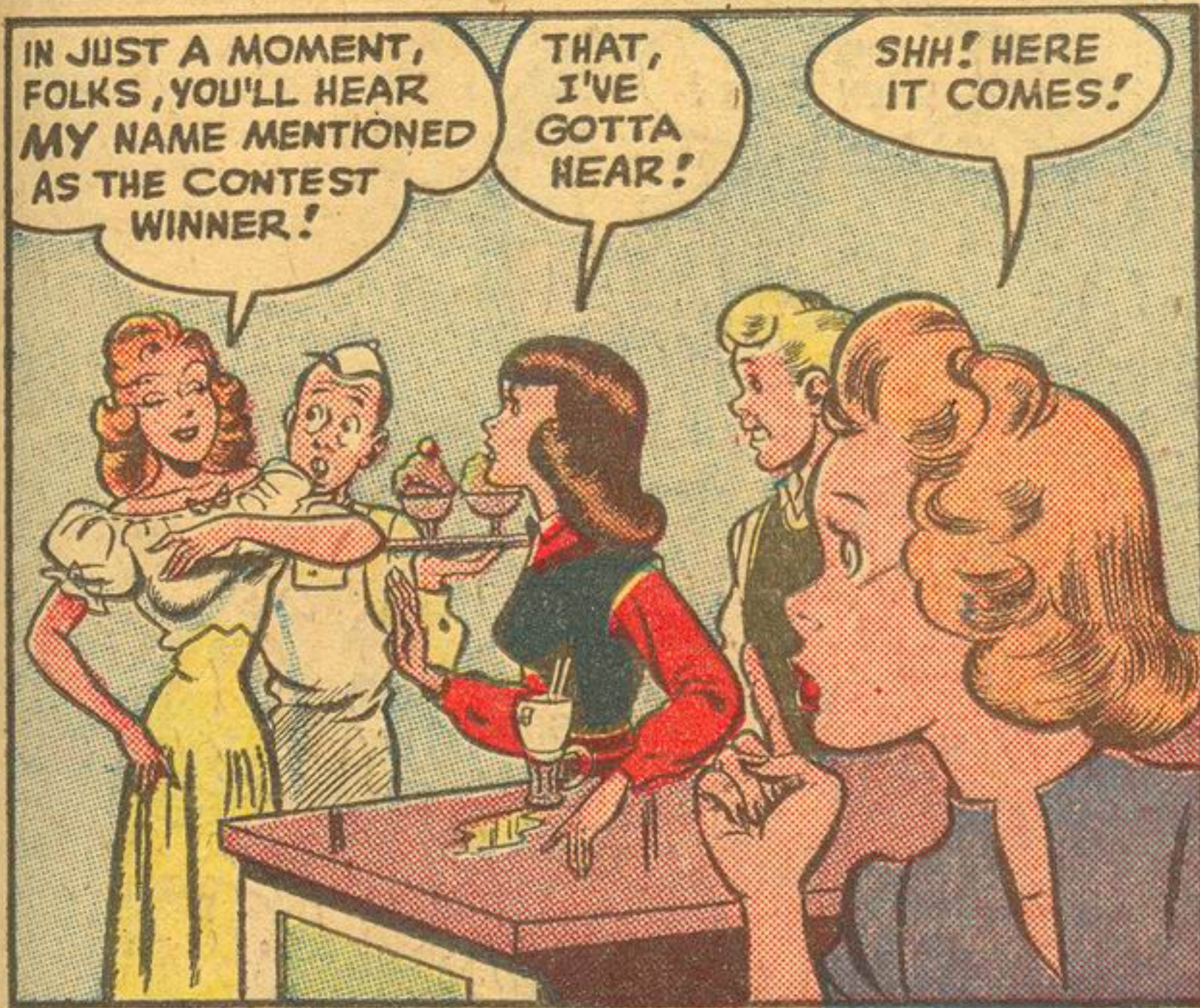
I BETTER CALL CORNELIA AND SEE WHAT'S EATIN' HER!





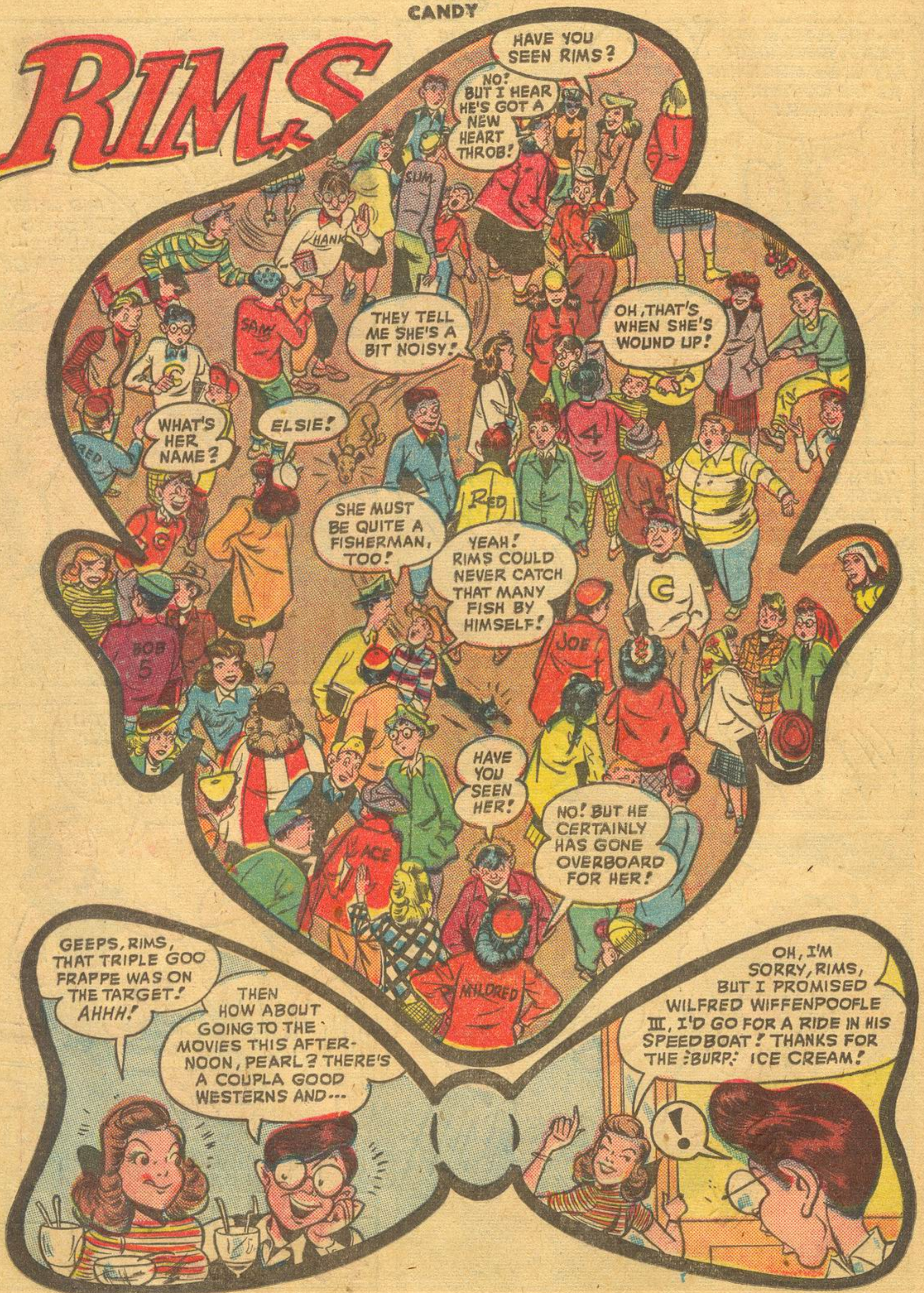






CANDY

RIMS





HMPF! I'LL SHOW HER! SHE'S NOT THE ONLY GIRL I CAN DATE!



HELLO---GLORIA--- THIS IS RIMS! HOW'S ABOUT GOIN'---



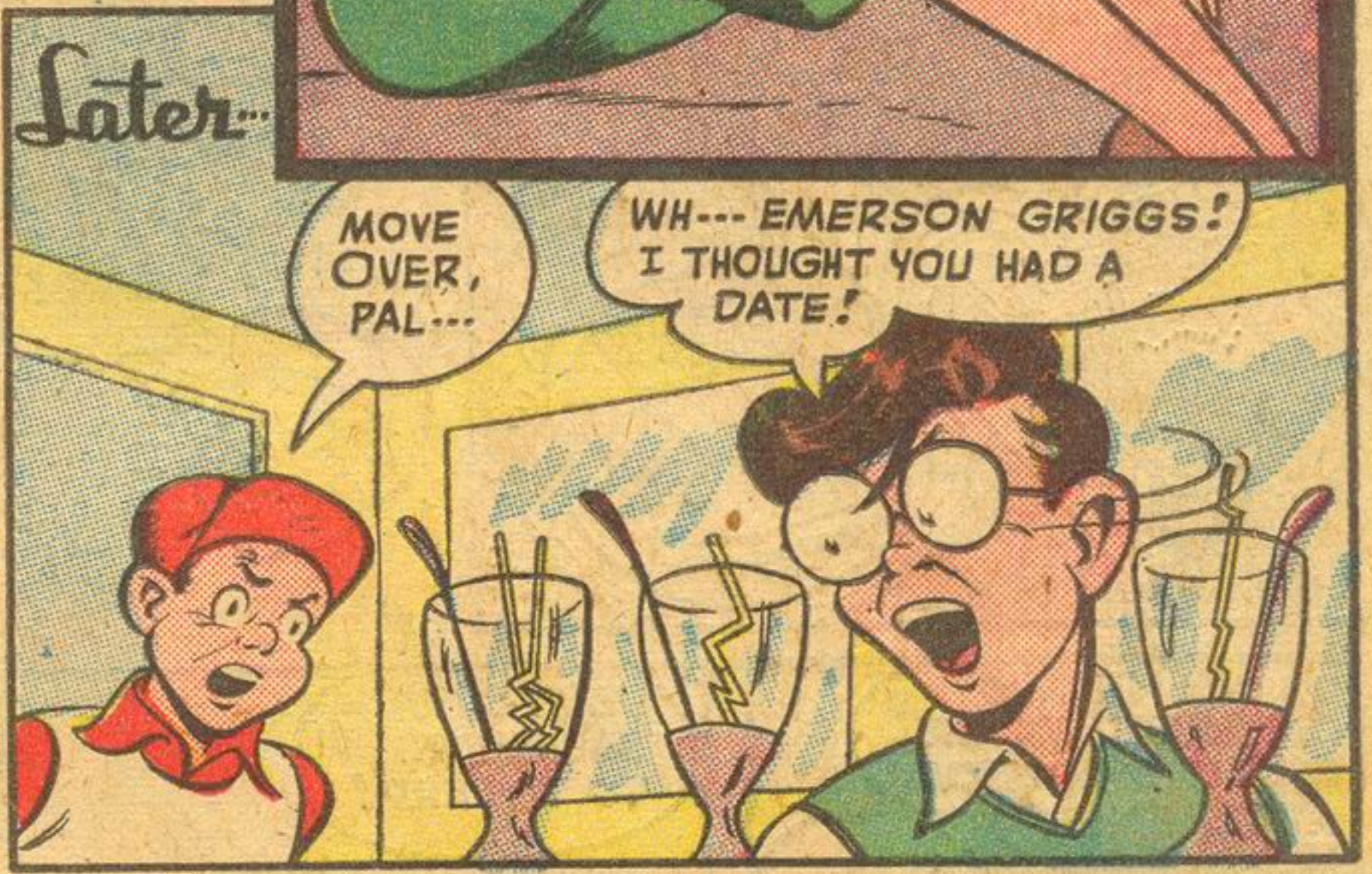
SORRY, RIMS! BUT YOU KNOW I DATE EMERSON GRIGGS EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON!

....OH!



HEY, RUSTY! GIMME A **DOUBLE CHOCOLATE** ICE CREAM SODA! EASY ON THE SODA!

Wow! WHO CROSSED YOU UP?



Later...

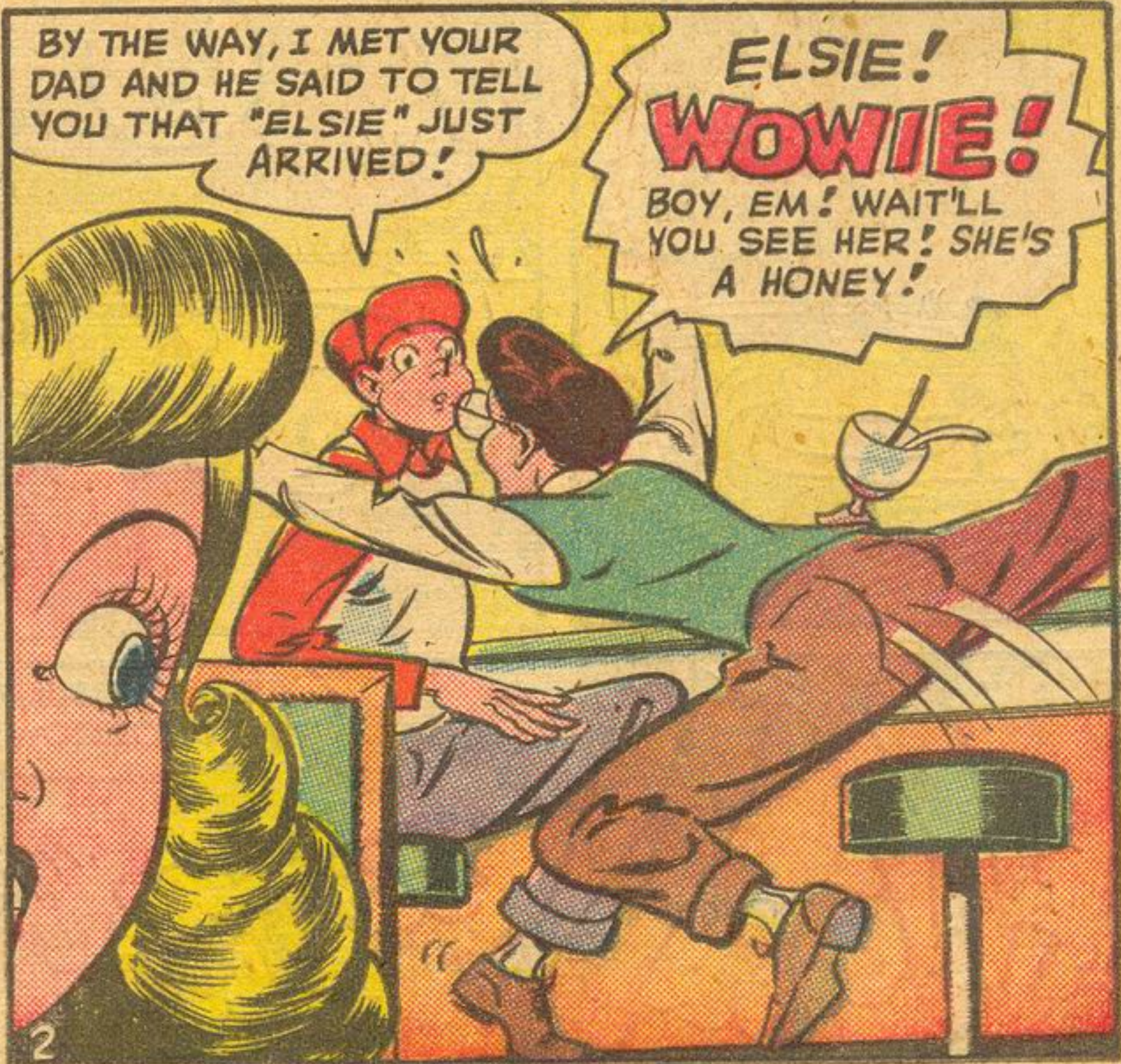
MOVE OVER, PAL---

WH--- EMERSON GRIGGS! I THOUGHT YOU HAD A DATE!



YEAH---I DID--- UNTIL GLORIA HEARD ABOUT WIFFENPOOFLE'S BOAT!

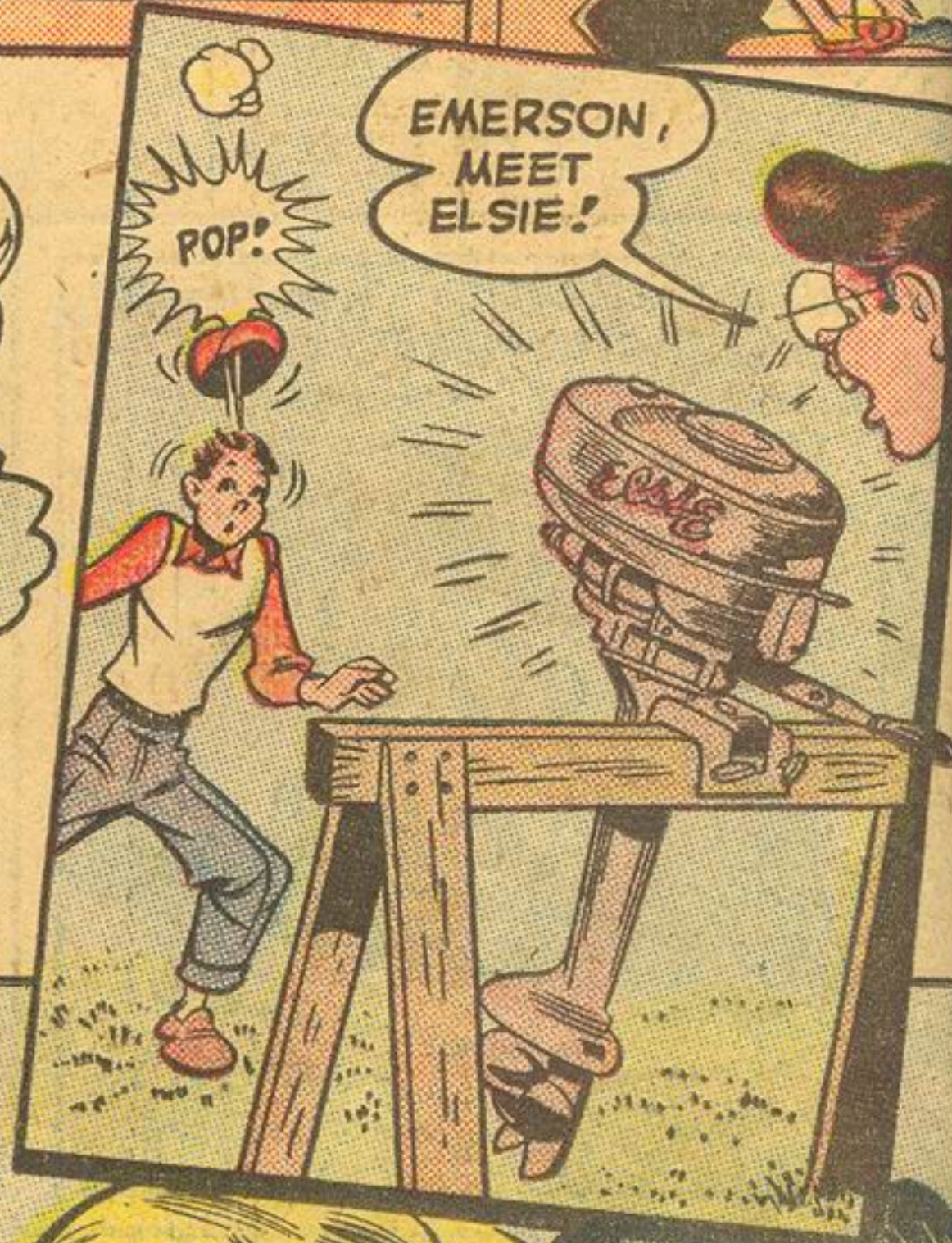
YOU TOO-- EH?

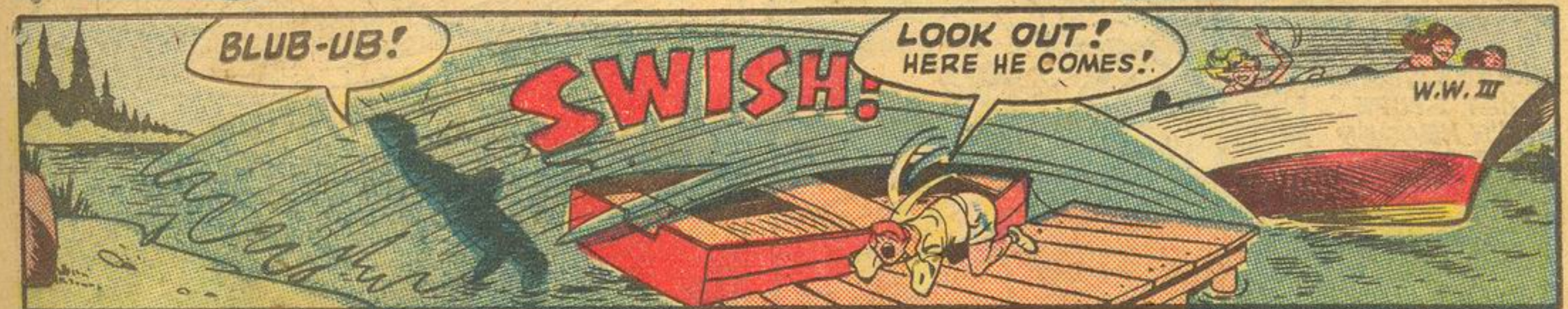


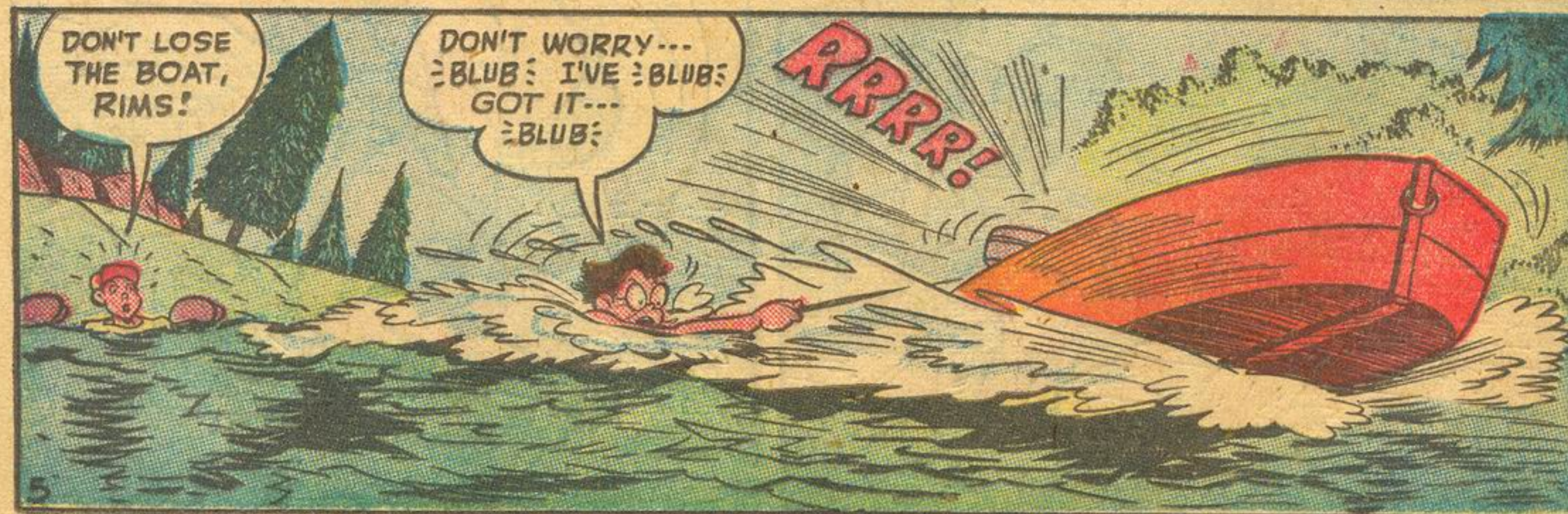
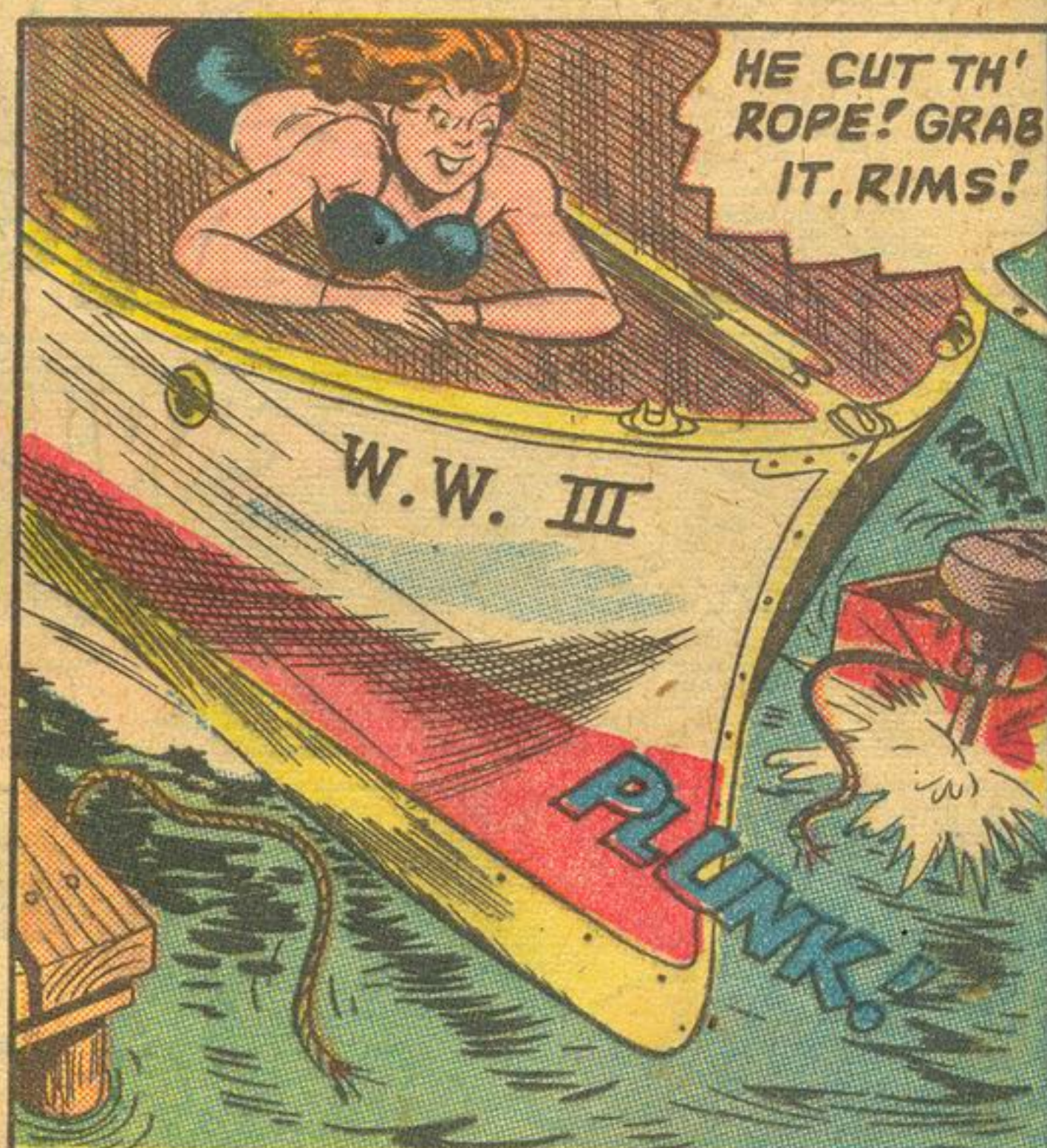
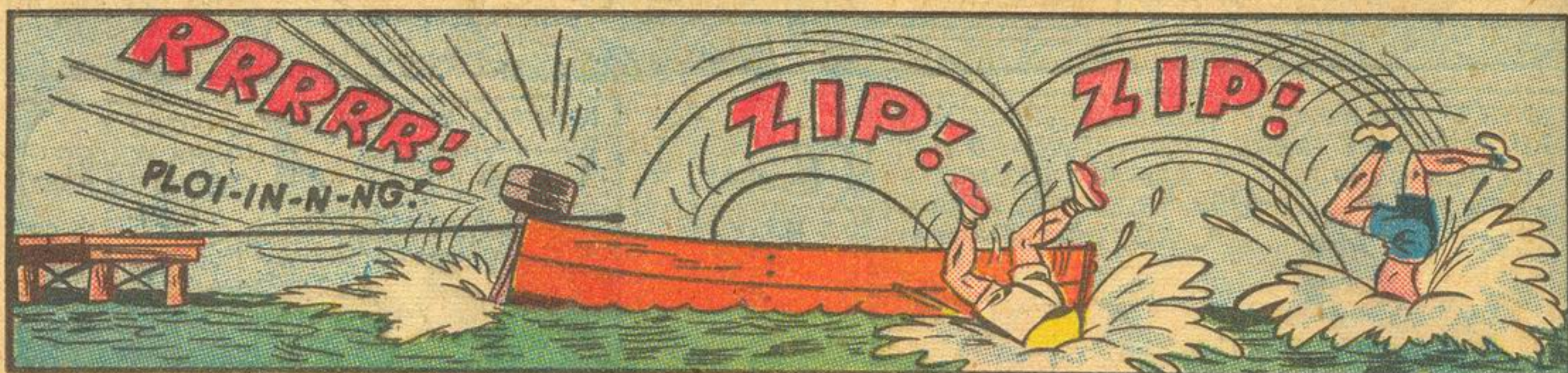
BY THE WAY, I MET YOUR DAD AND HE SAID TO TELL YOU THAT "ELSIE" JUST ARRIVED!

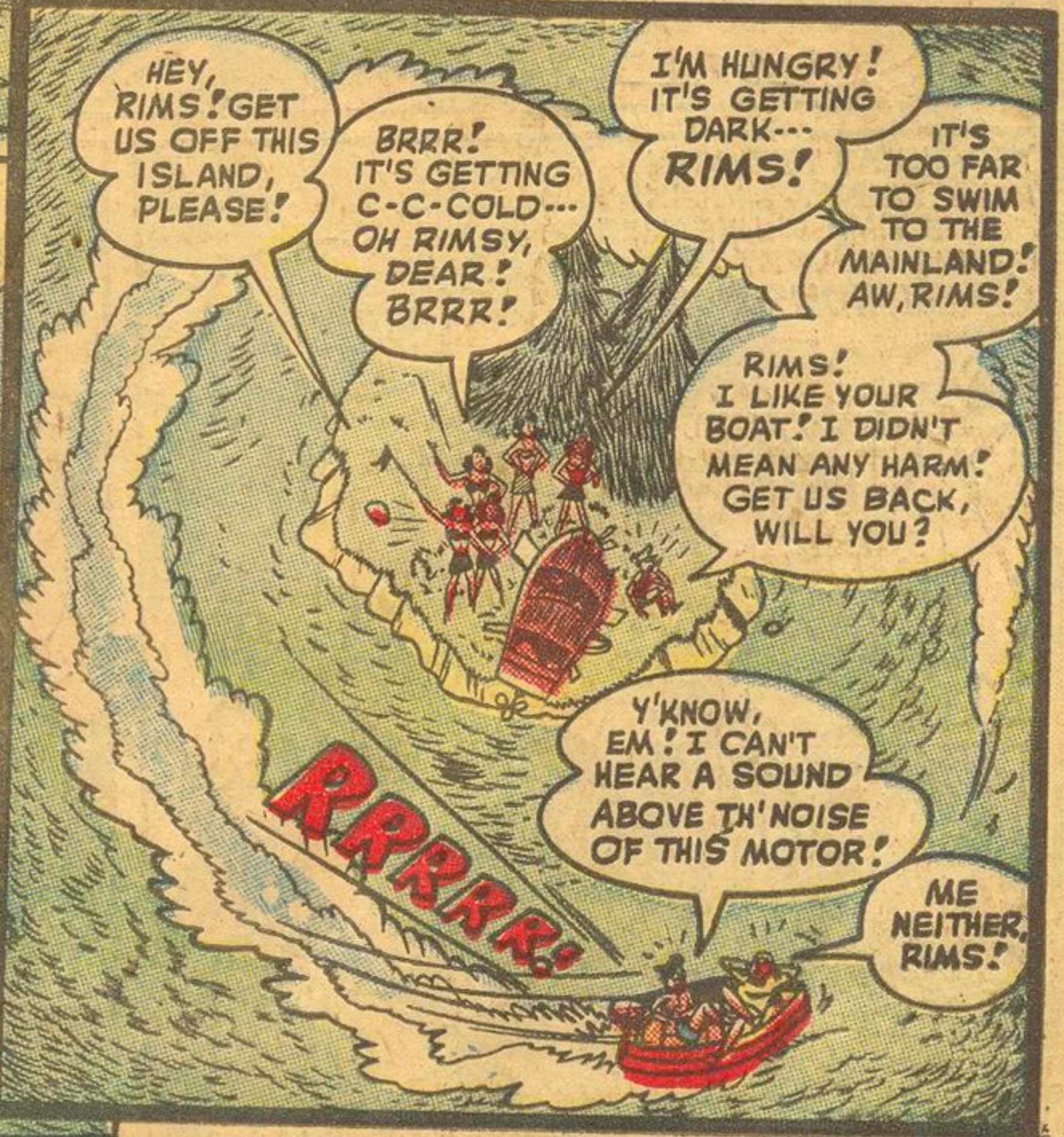
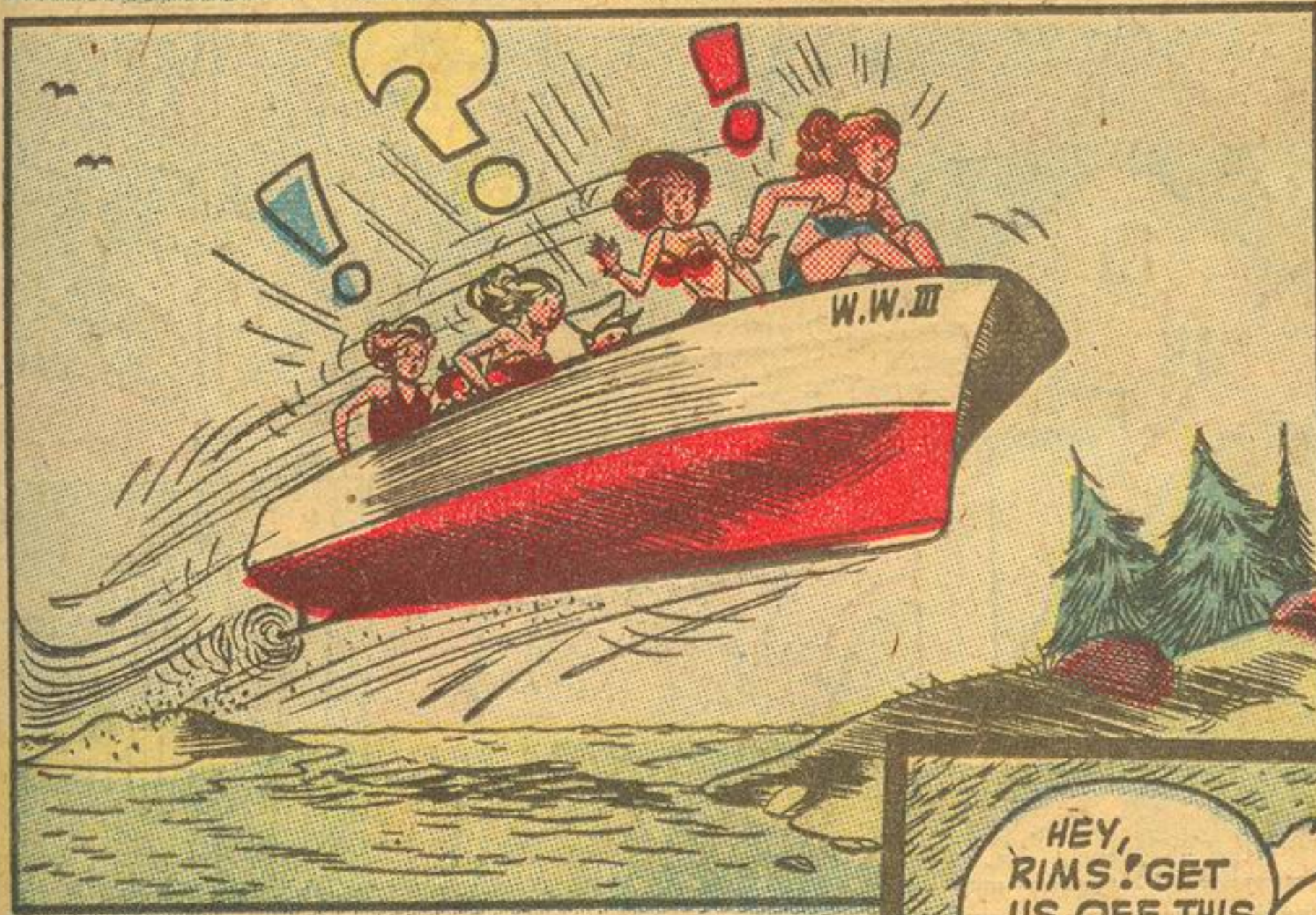
ELSIE! **WOWIE!**

BOY, EM! WAIT'LL YOU SEE HER! SHE'S A HONEY!









Candy



IT'S TIME WE
THOUGHT OF THE
FUTURE, TED! I'M
GOING TO START
WORKING ON A
HOPE CHEST!

WHY DON'T
YOU JUST
SKIP 'THE
HOPE CHEST
AND START
WORKING ON
A DOWRY?



AND AS YOUR NEW
PRESIDENT, I THINK
IT'S TIME WE REALIZE
LIFE IS VERY
SERIOUS!

BRAVO!



WONDERFUL
SPEECH,
'CANDY!

THANKS,
TINA!

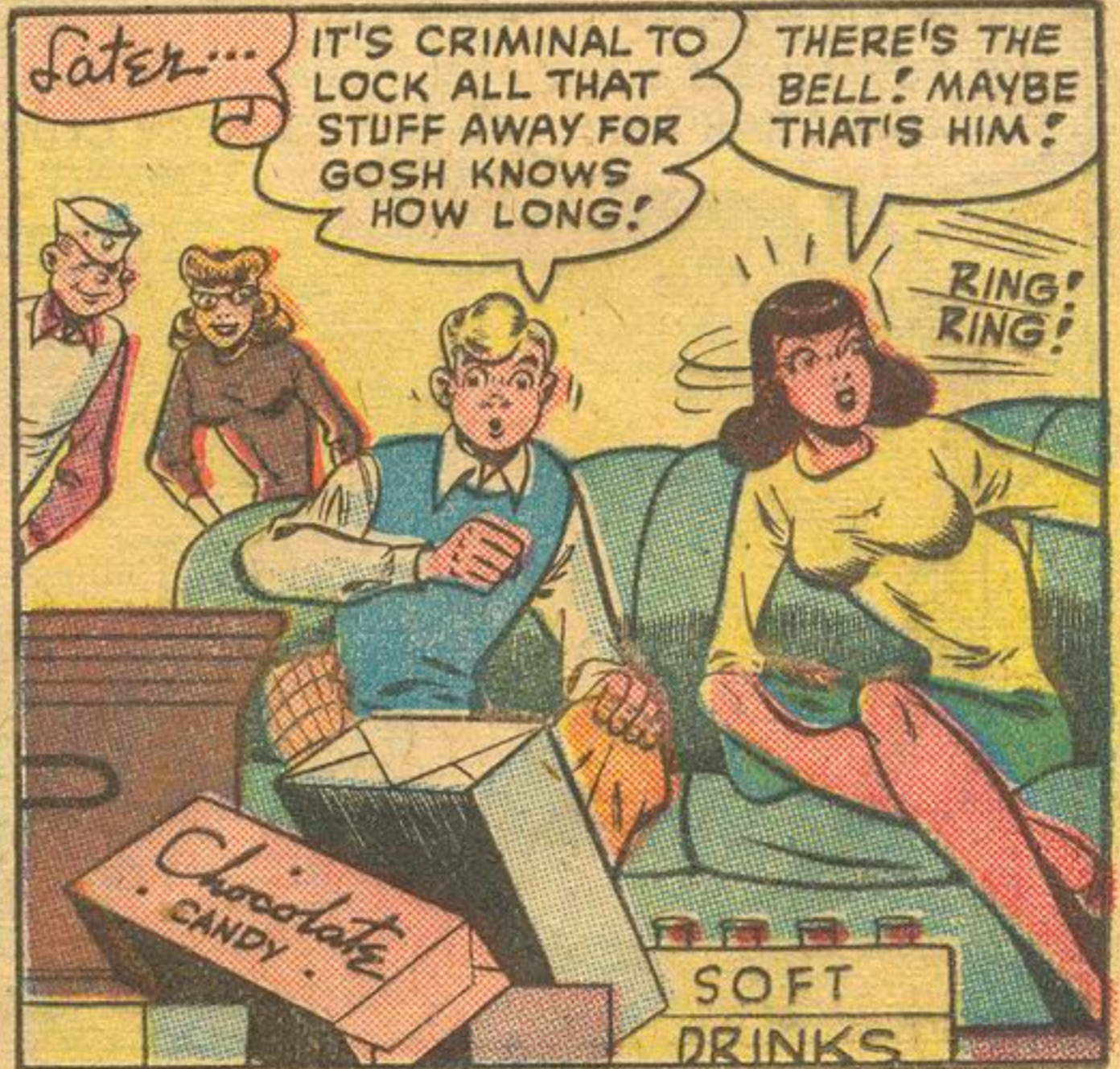
CANDY'S RIGHT!
WE'VE GOT TO
BUCKLE
DOWN!

CANDY

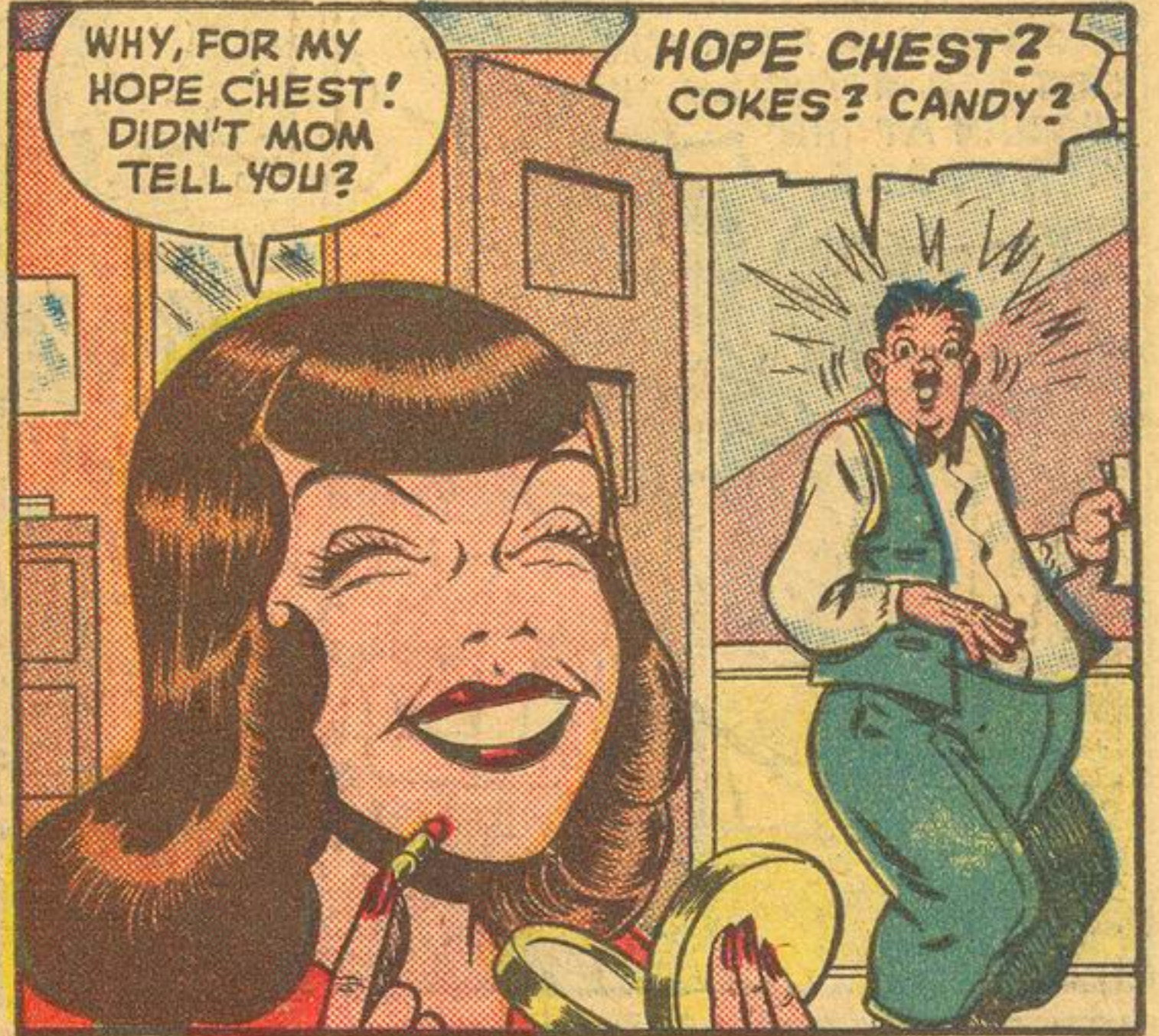
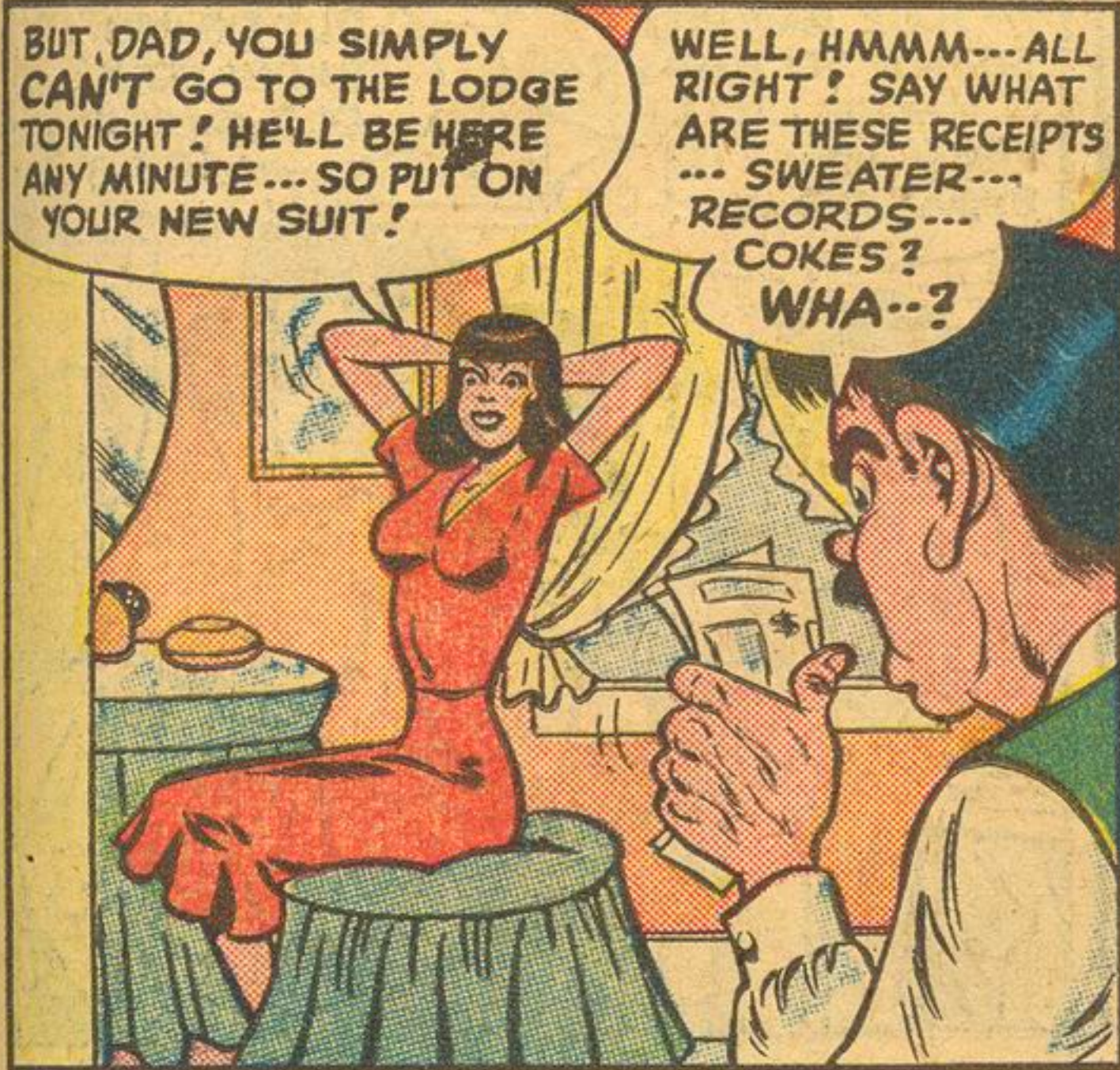


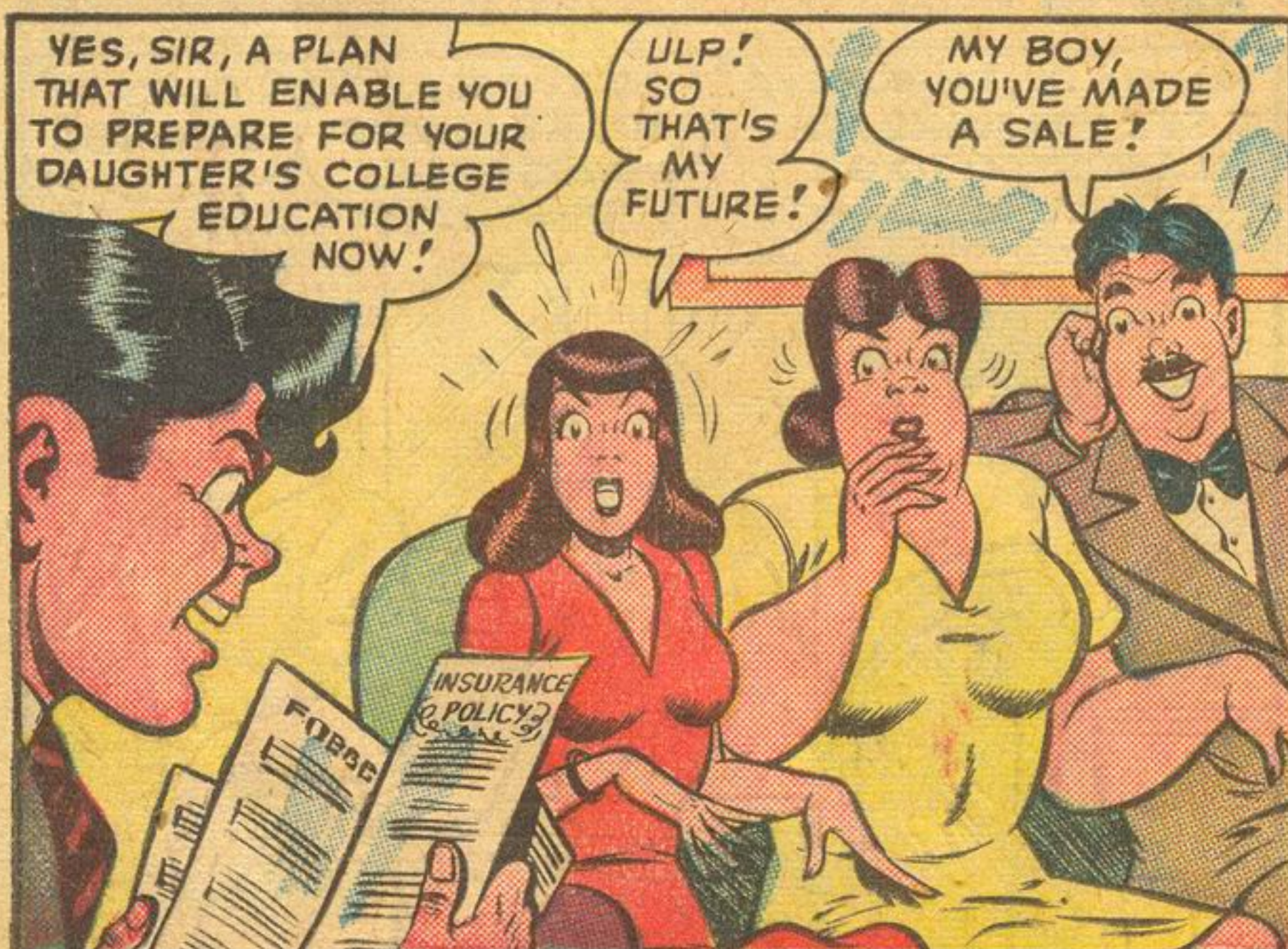
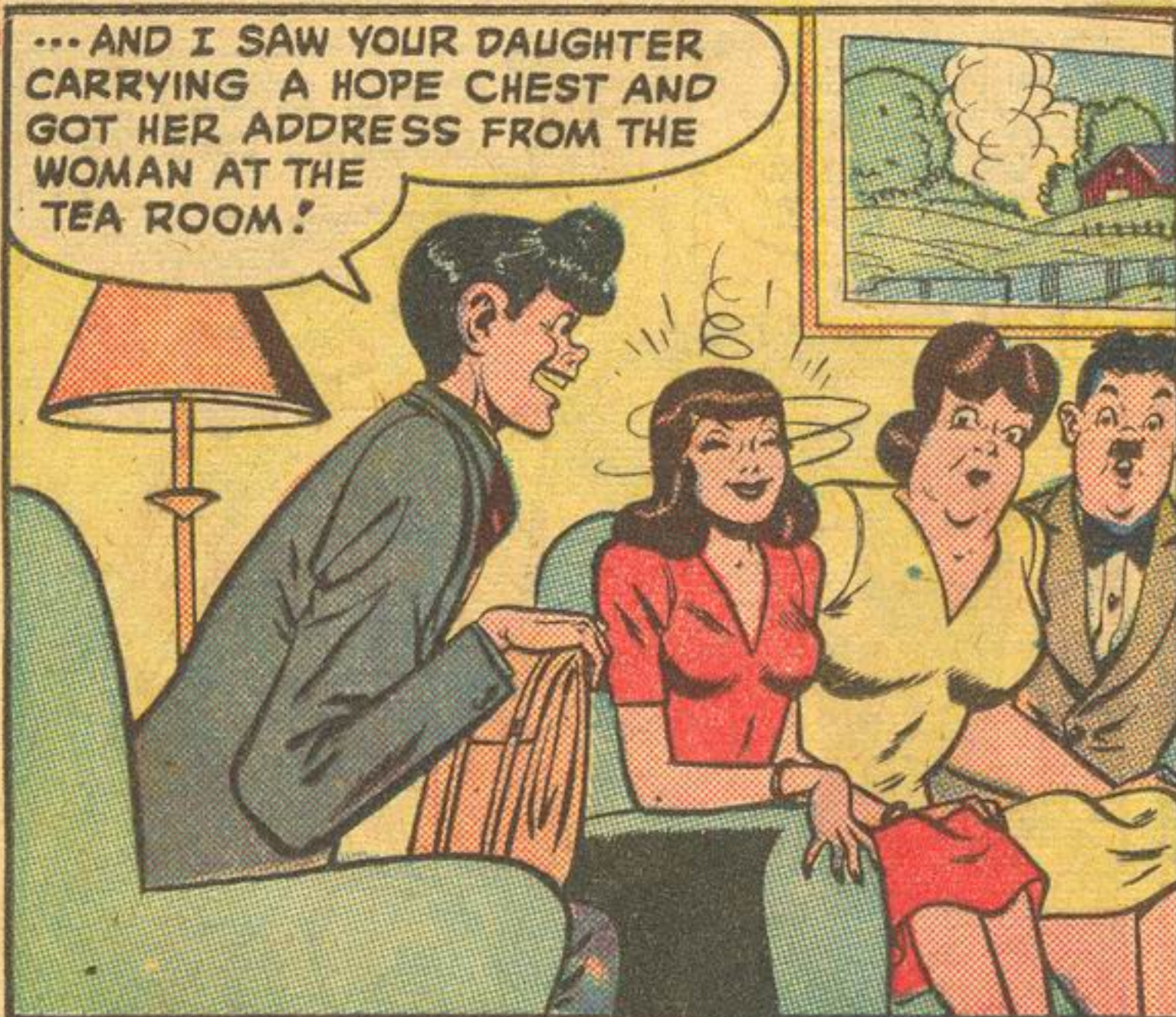


CANDY









CANDY

THIS IS A
LAD WHO NEEDS
VERY SPECIAL
TREATMENT, AND
I'LL HAVE TO
HAMMER IT
HOME!

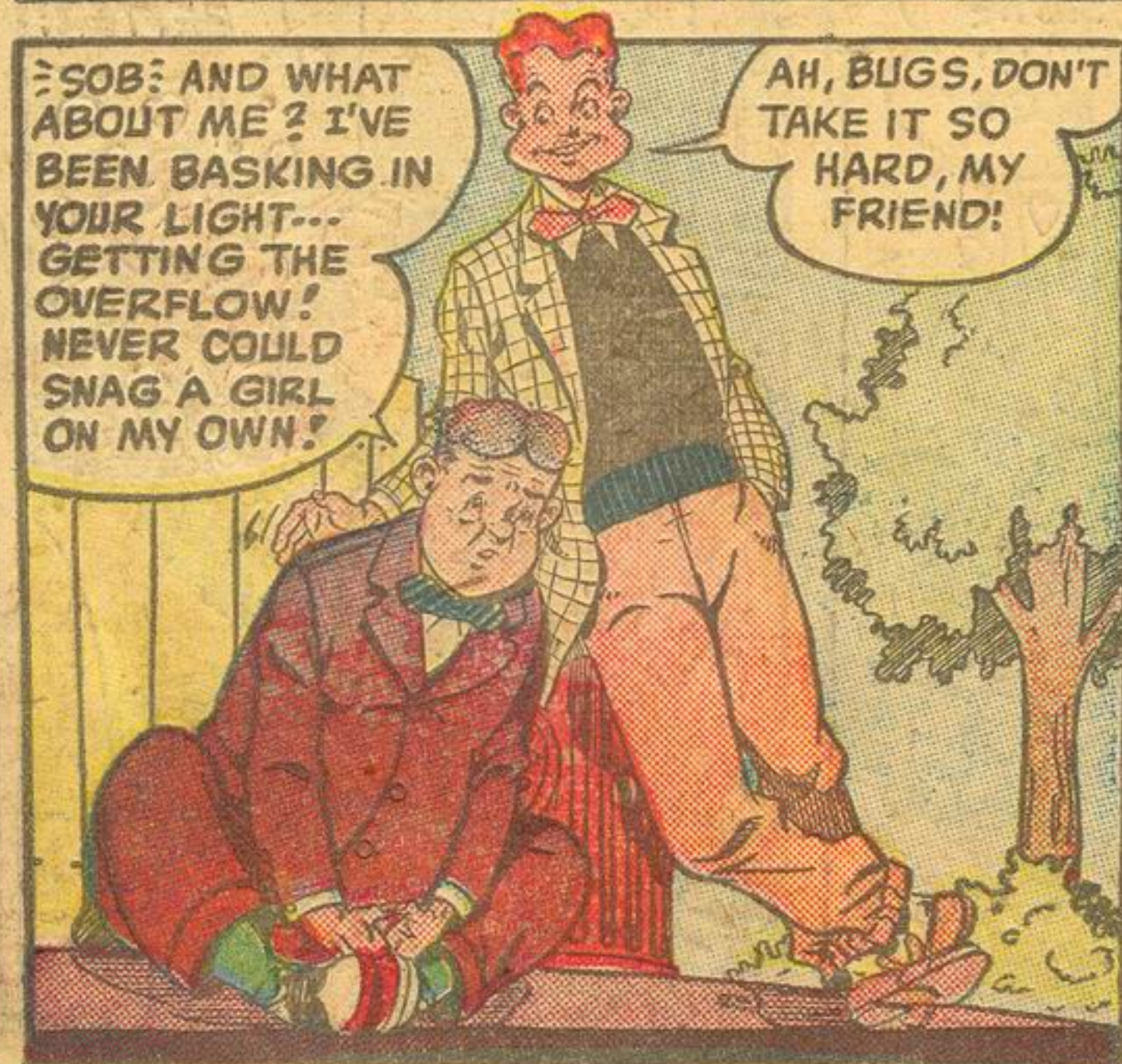
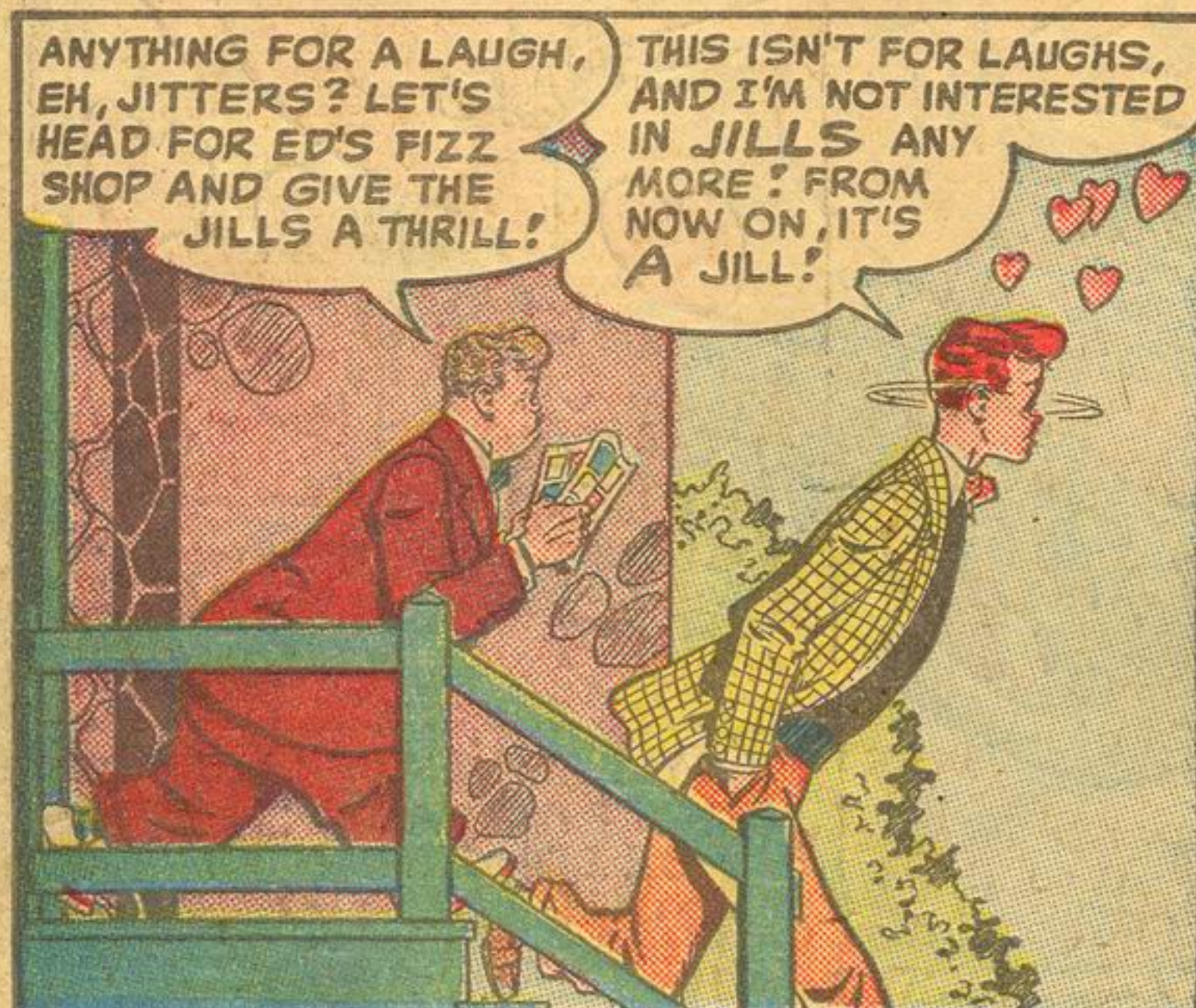
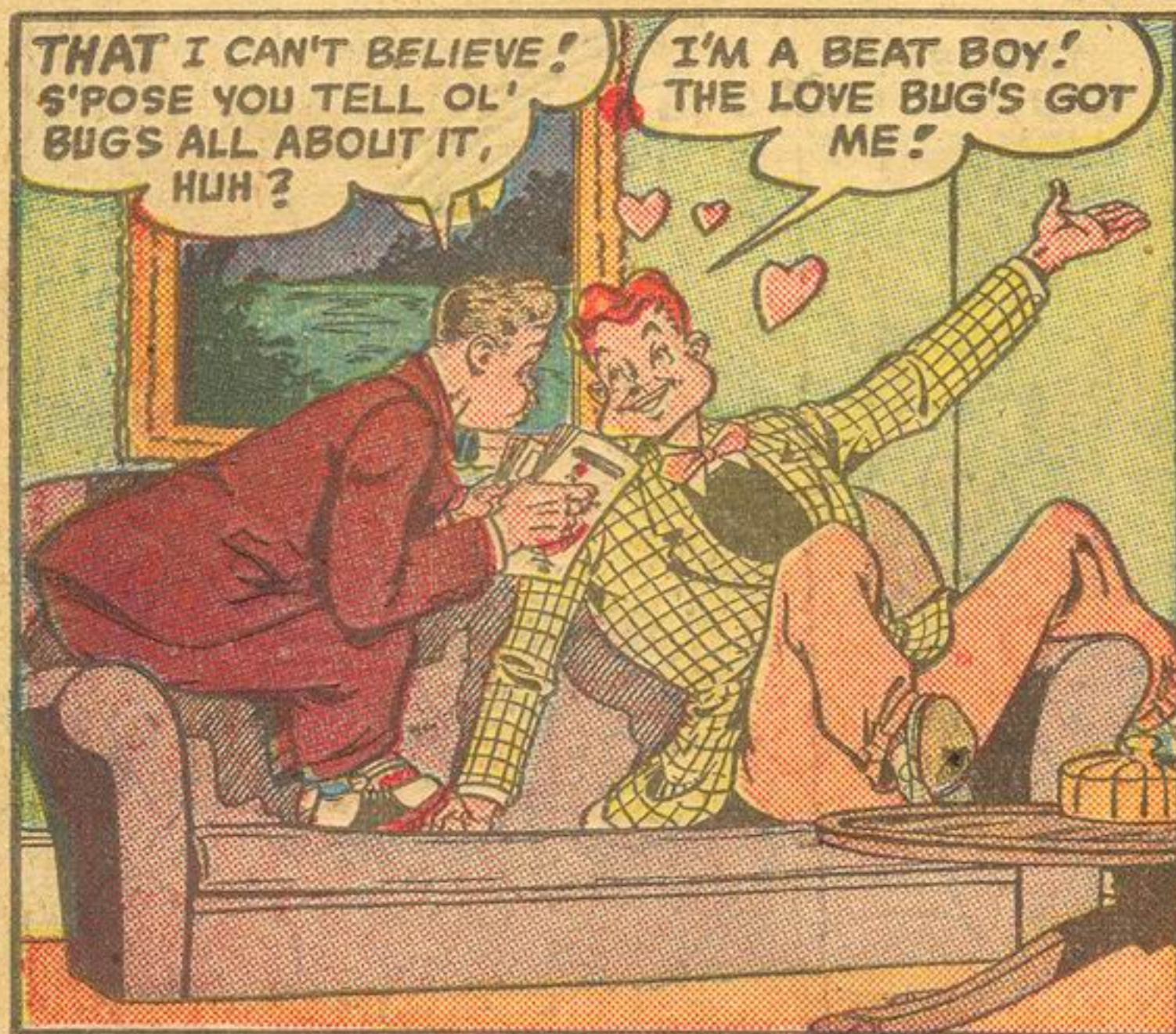


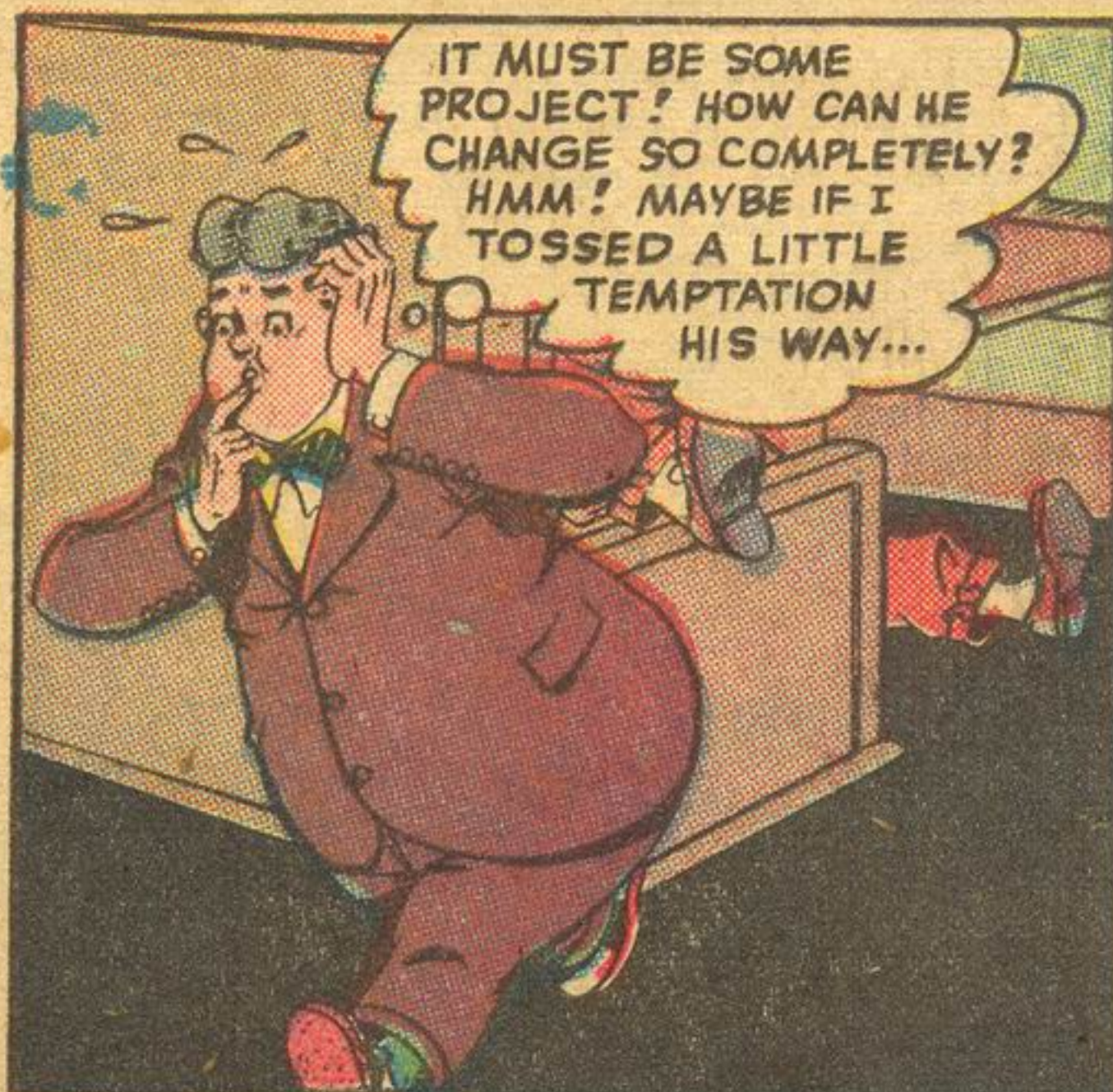
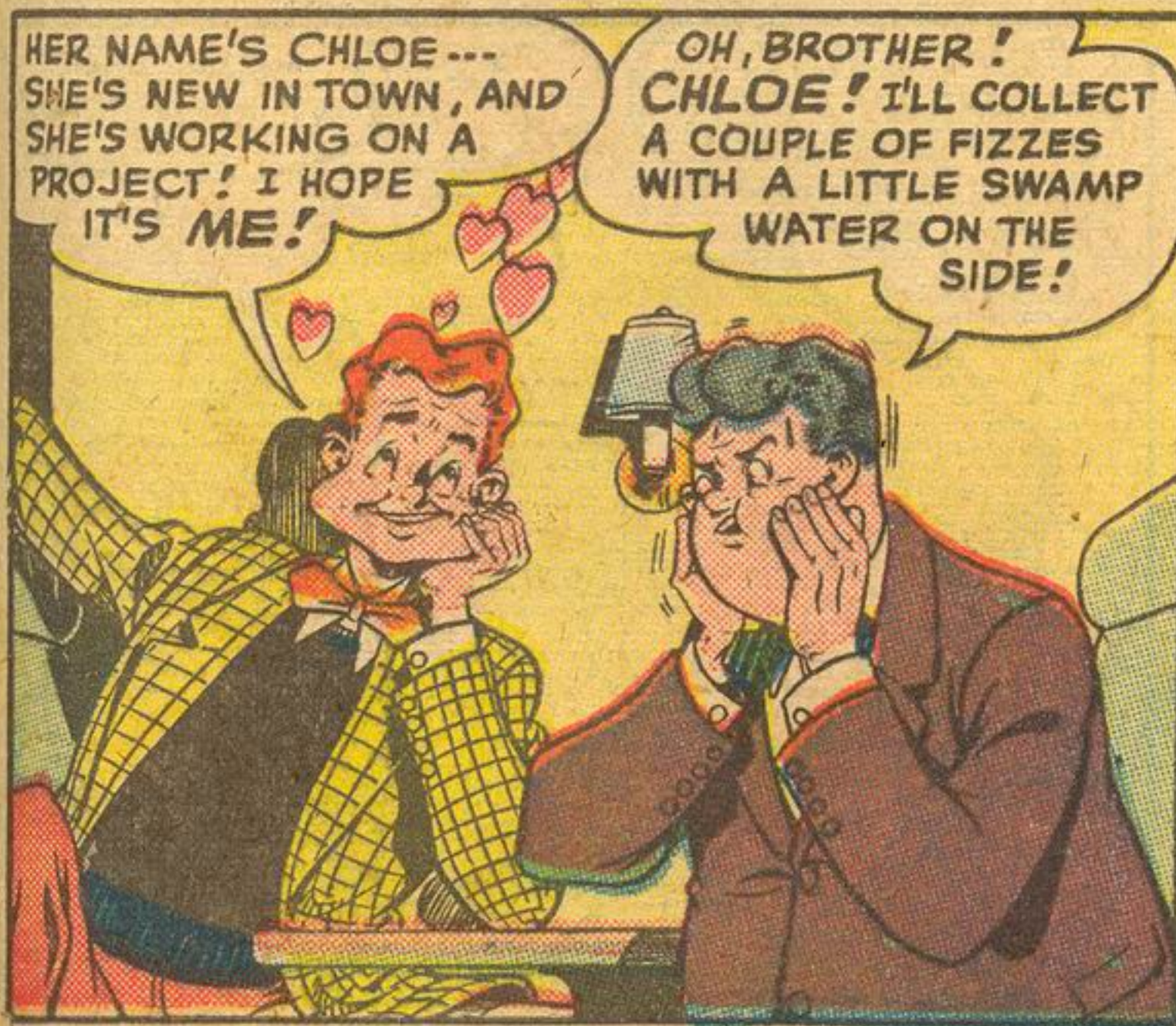
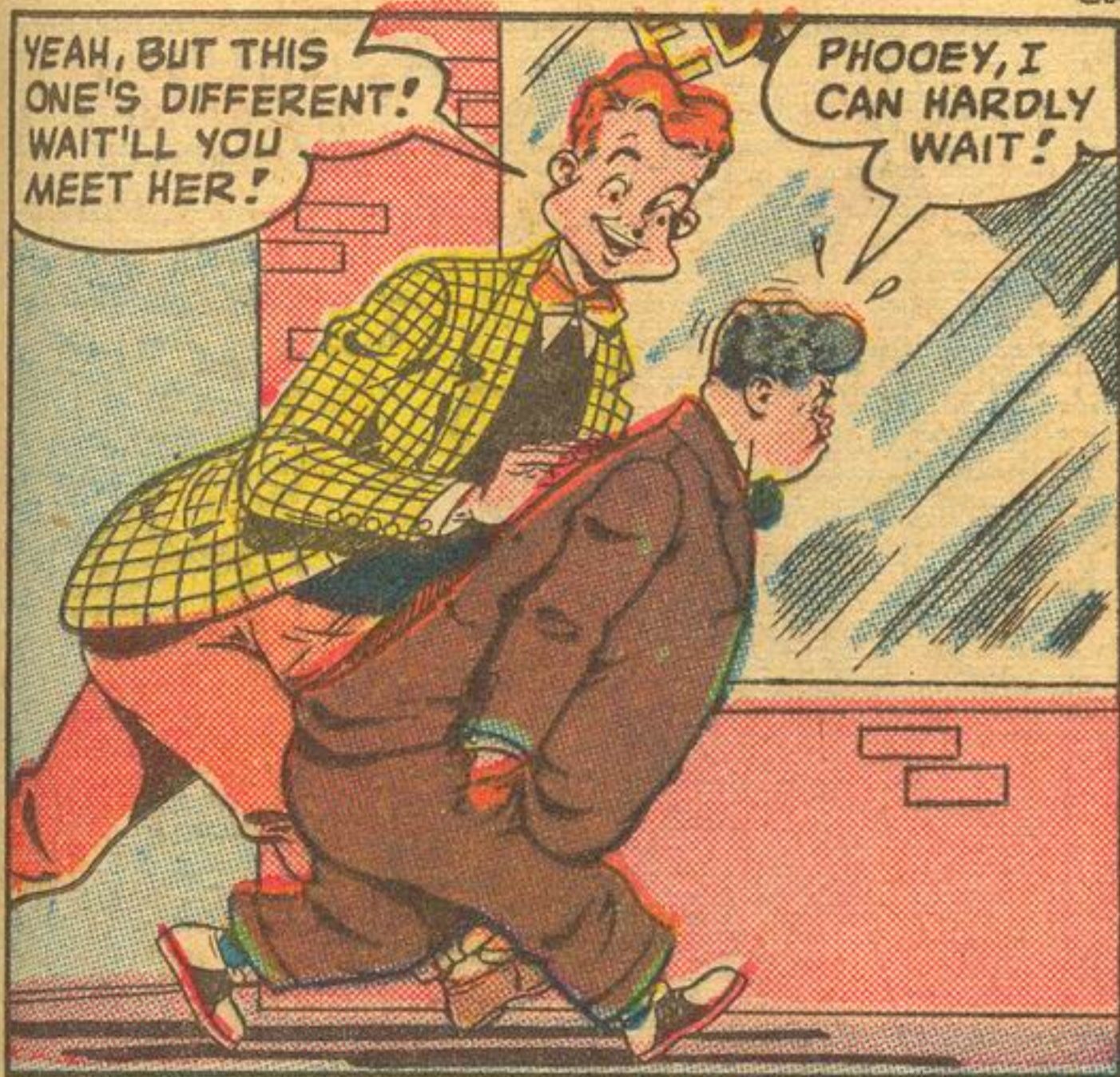
HIYA,
JITTERS!
GET YOUR
FEET IN GEAR
AND LET'S...

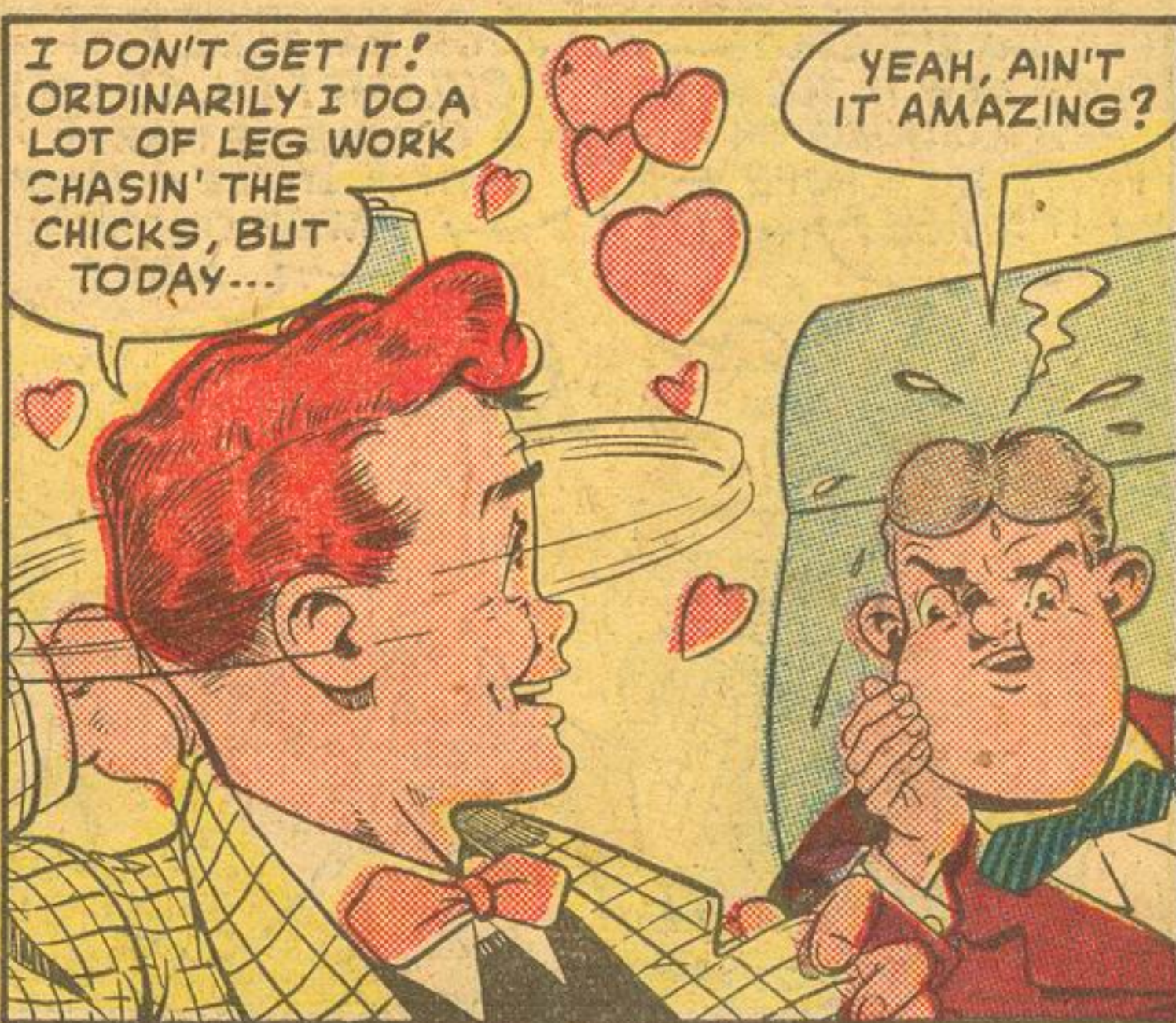
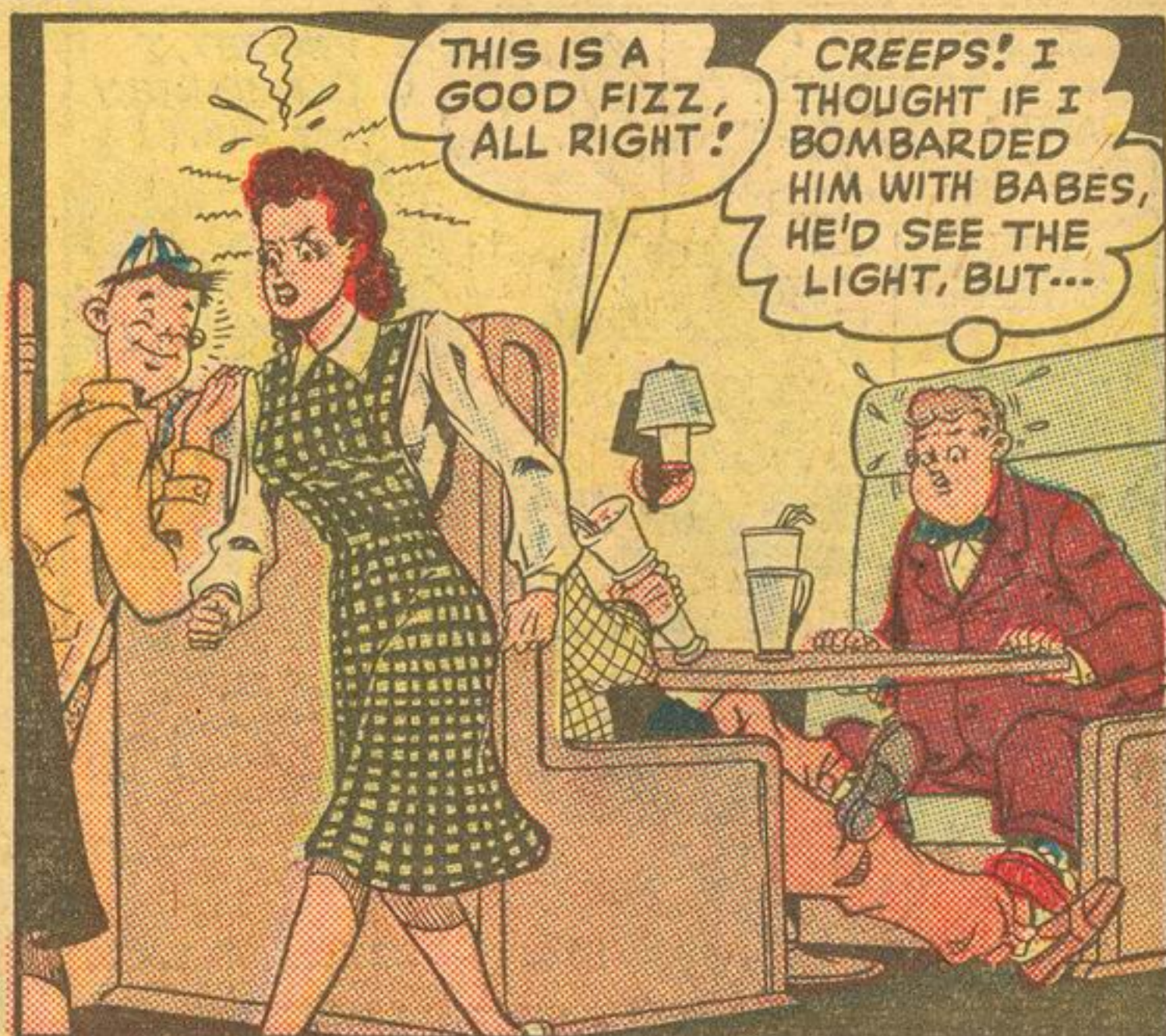
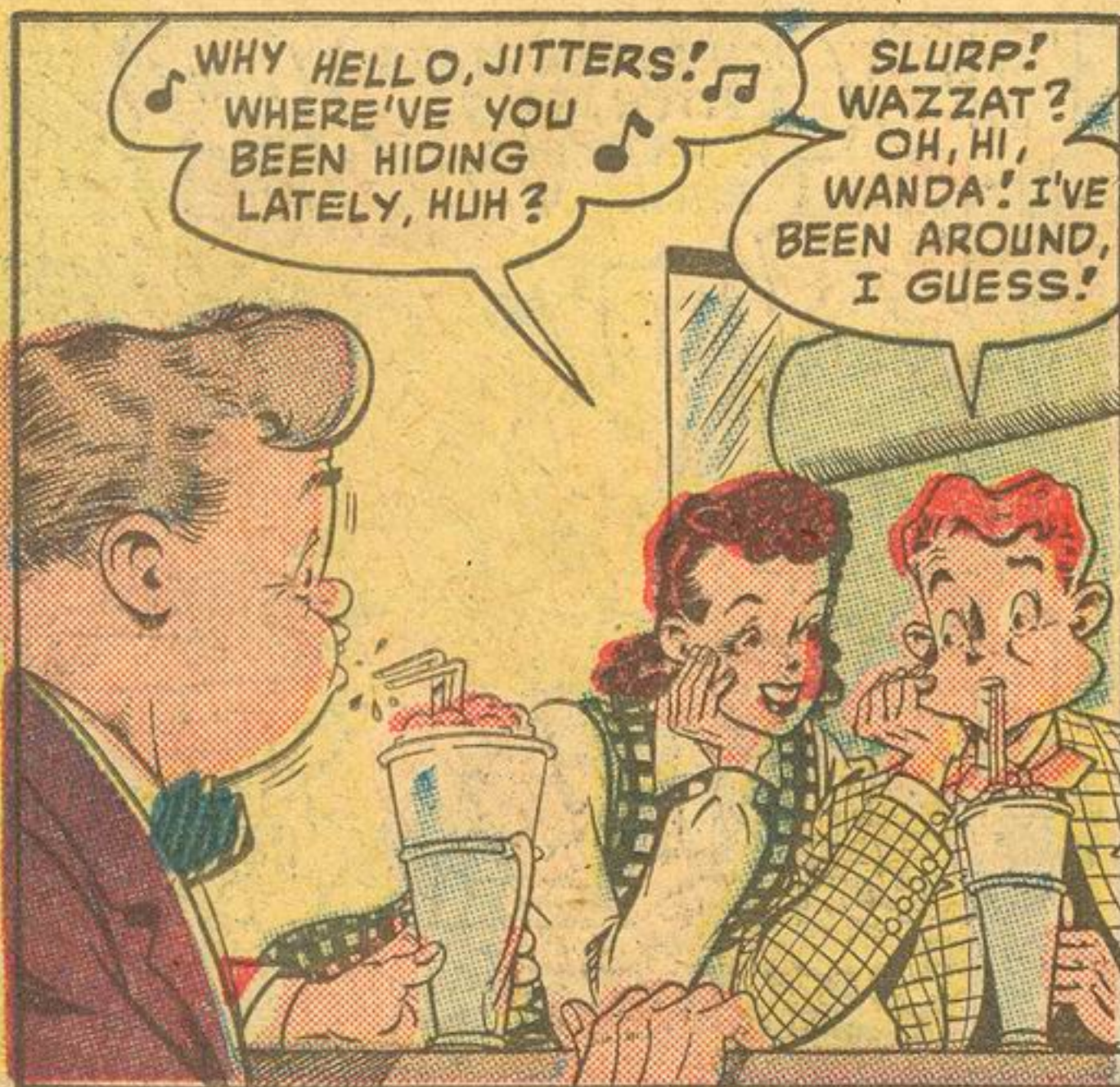
SIGH
HULLO,
BUGS!

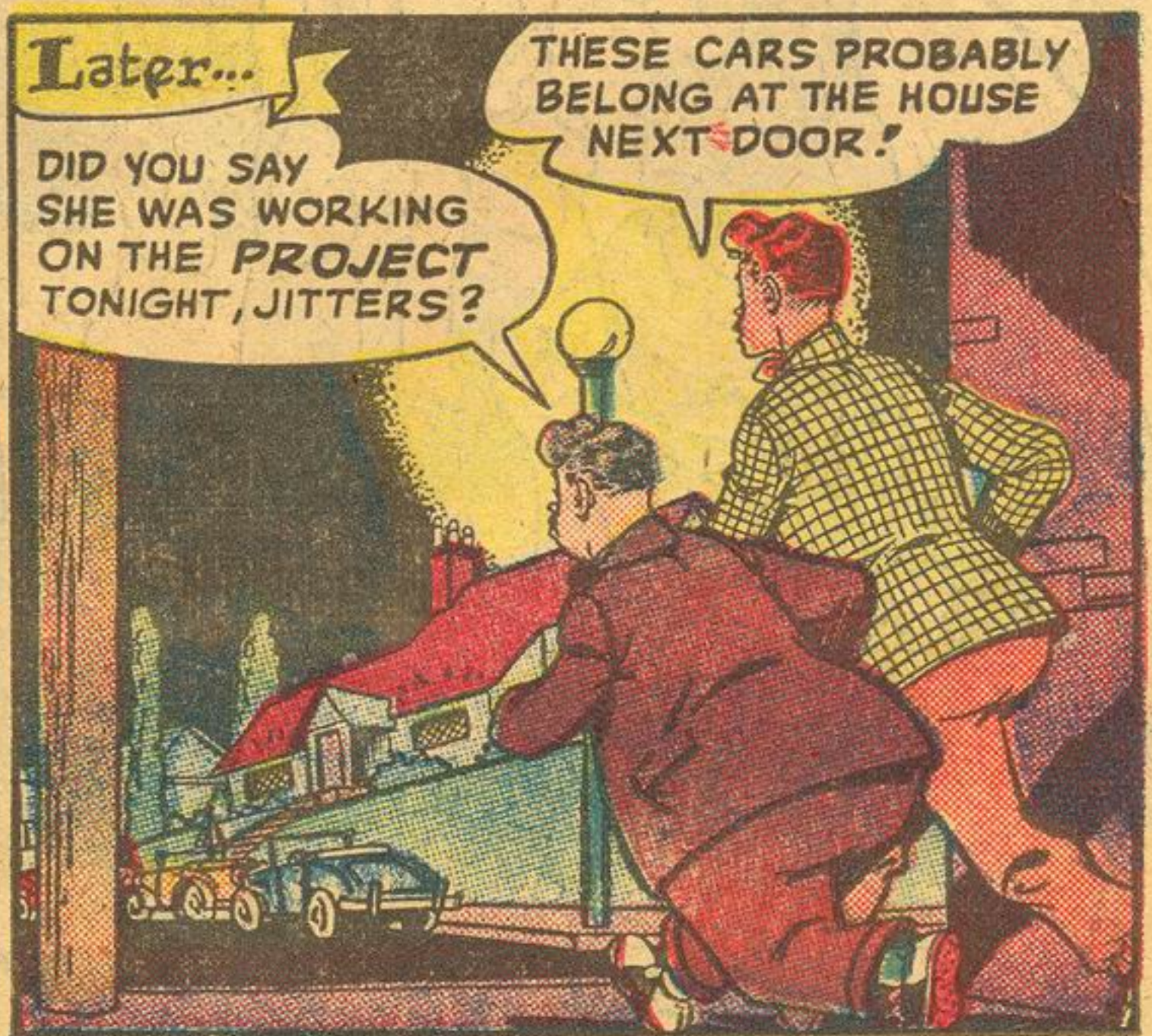
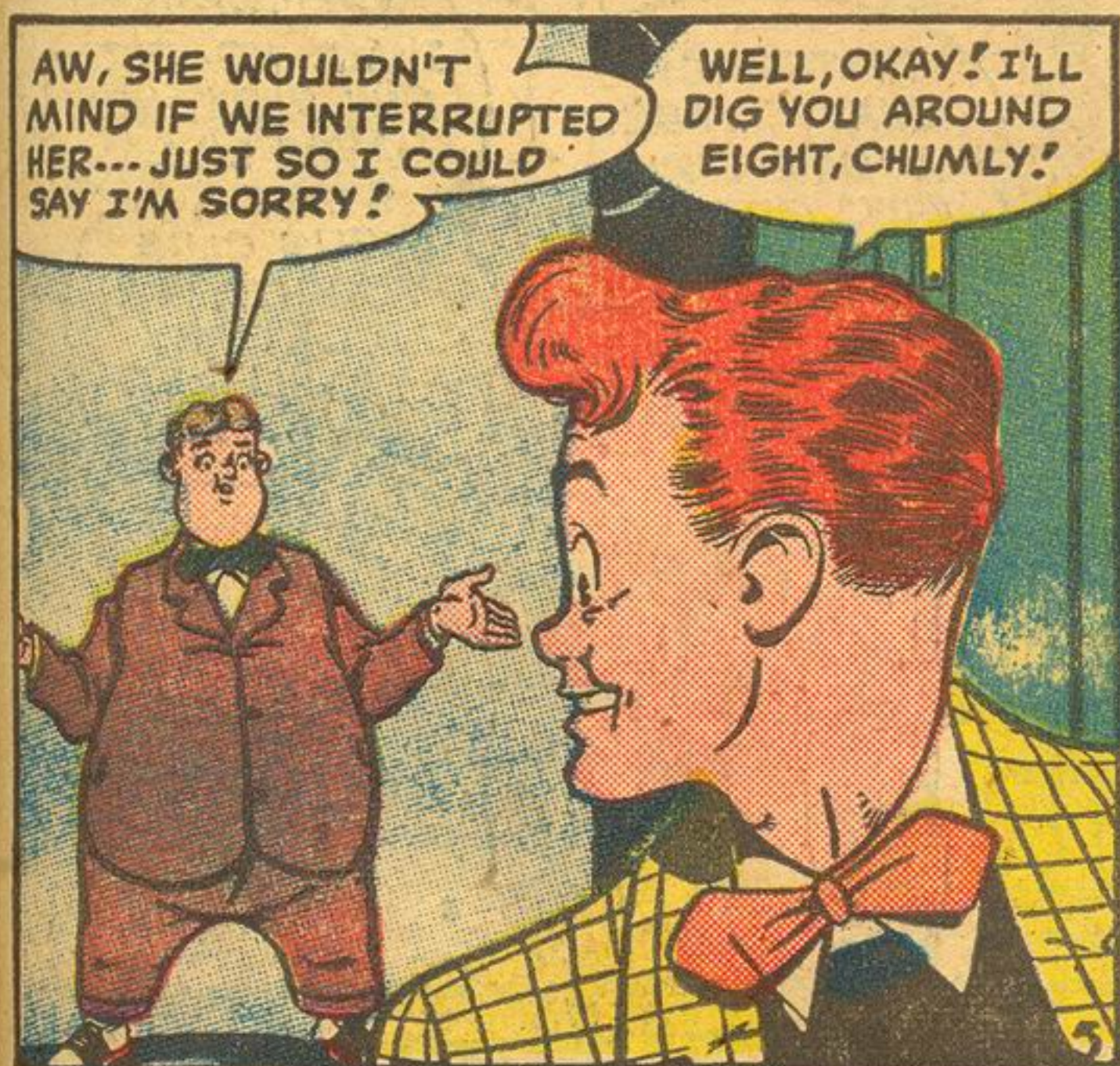
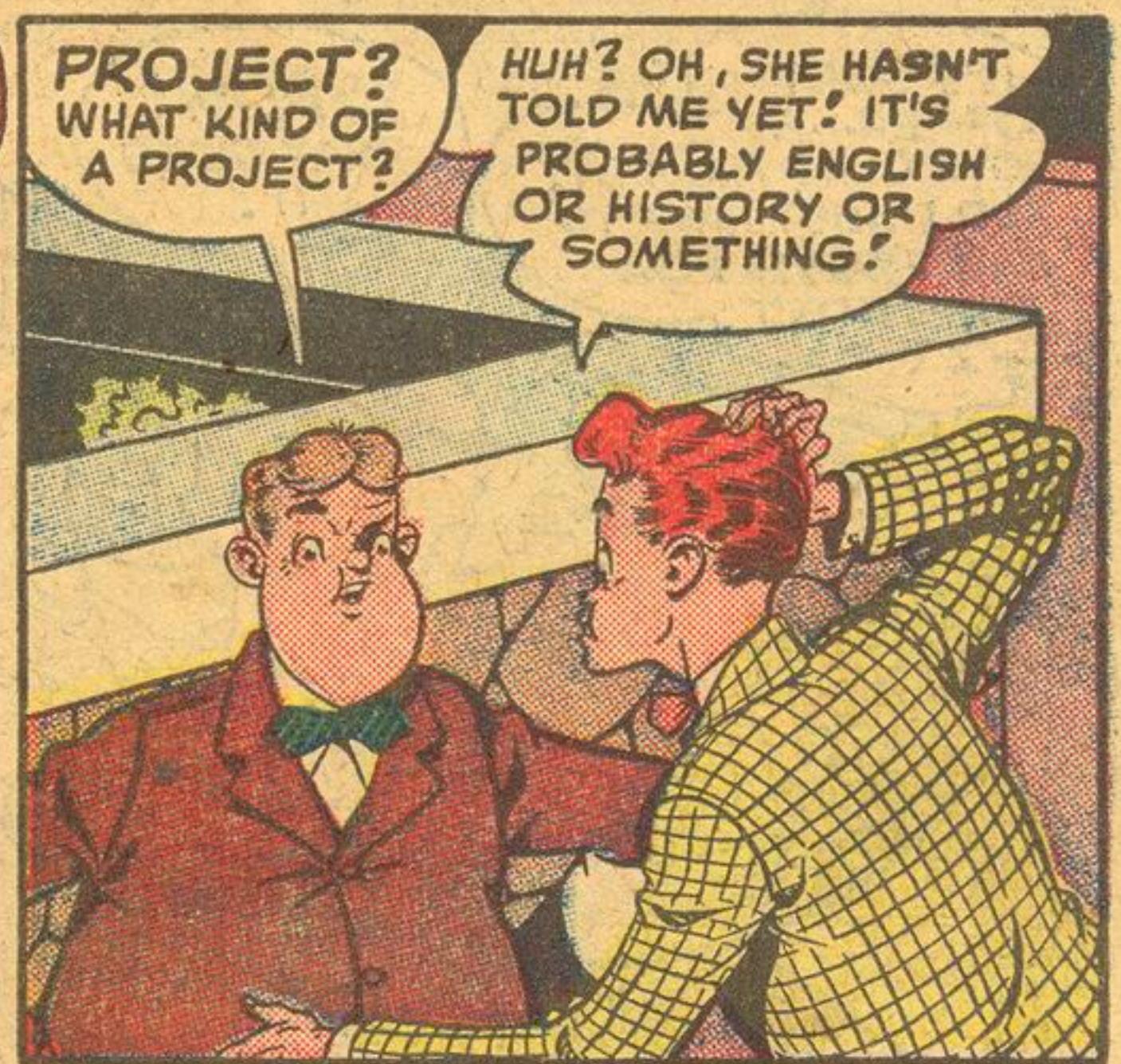
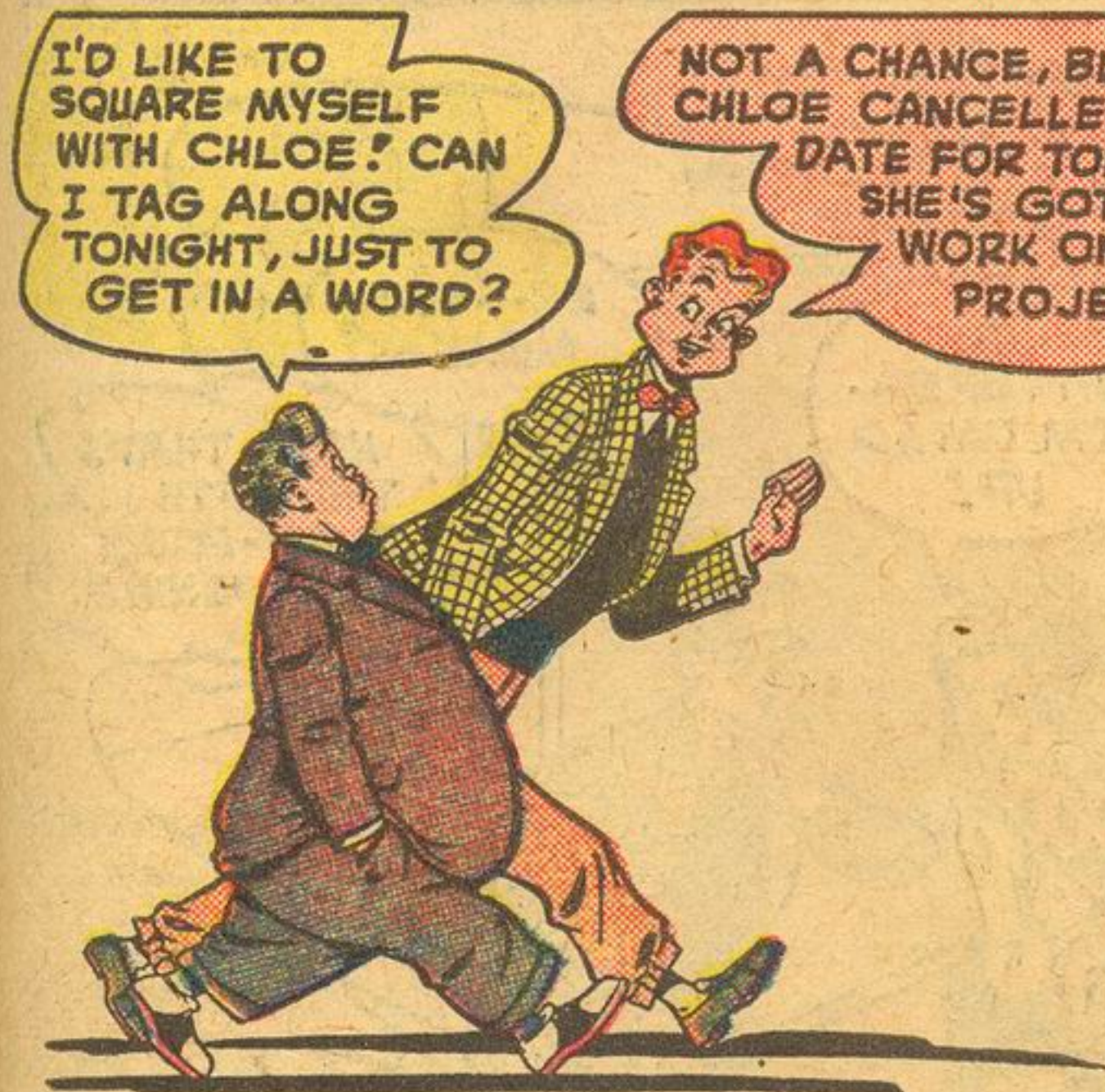
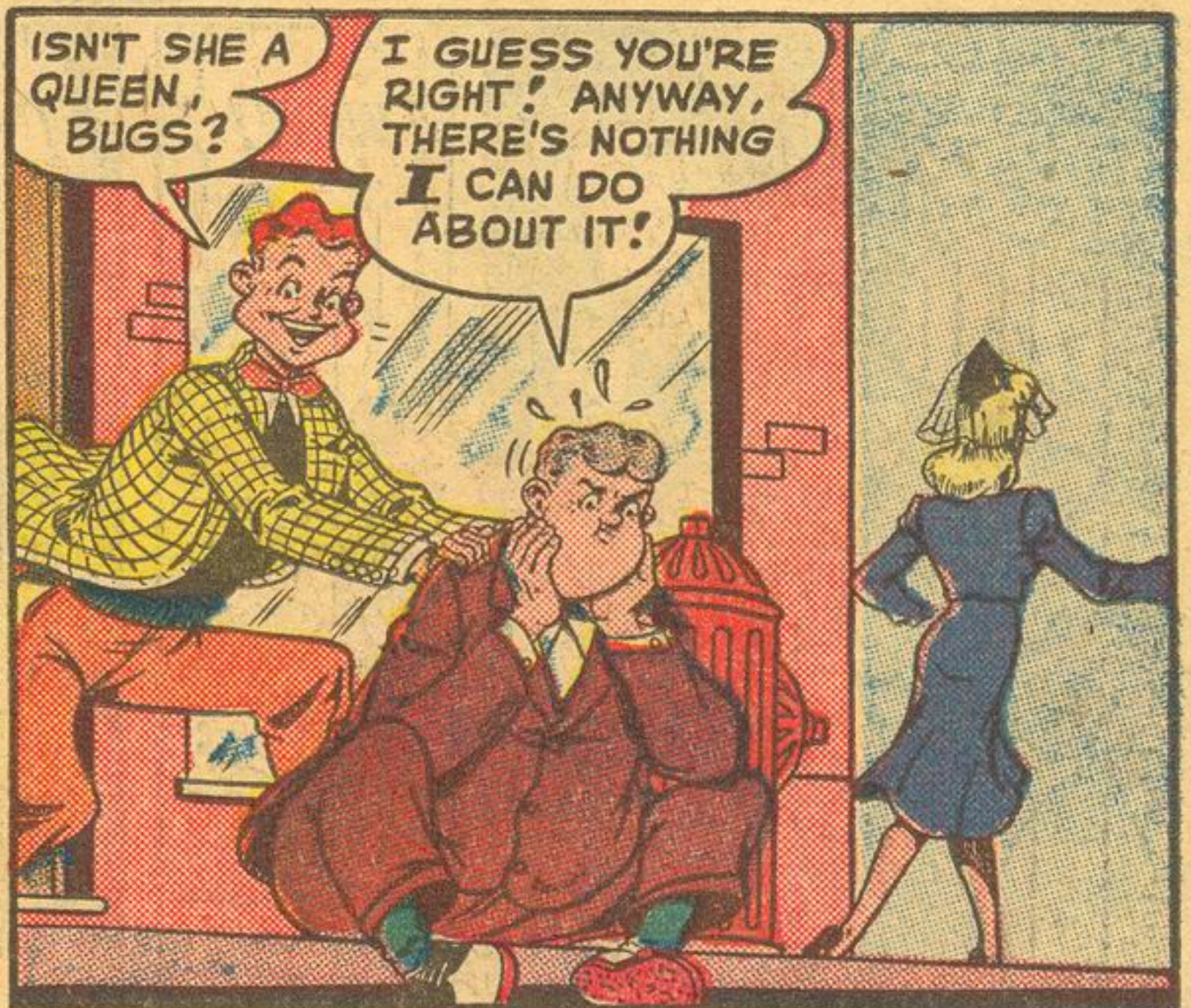
SA-A-AY! WHAT'S WITH
YOU? ARE YA SICK
OR SOMETHIN'?

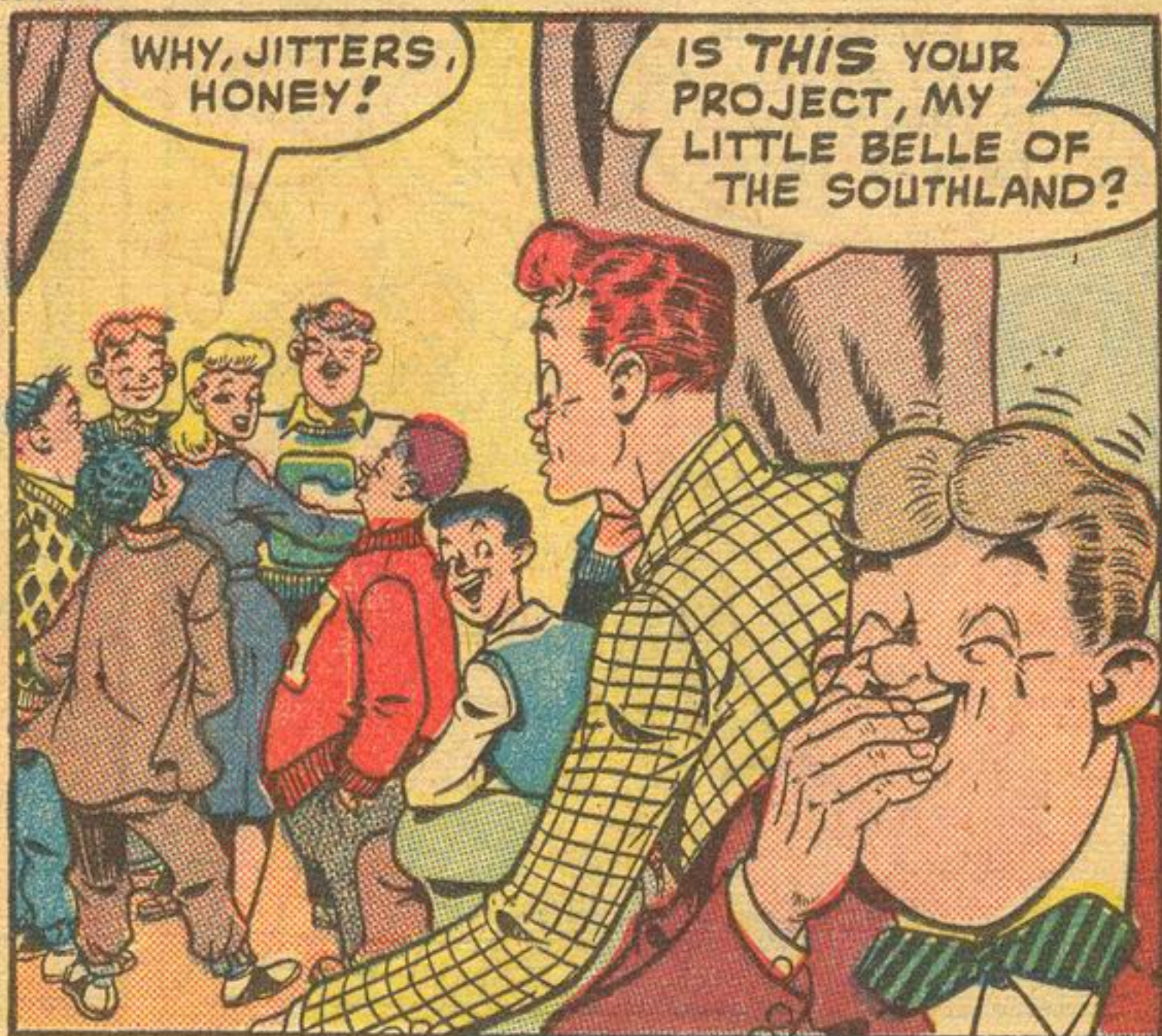
HUH? OH,
I FEEL
CHIPPER
...NEVER
BETTER!











MARDO The Magician

"A MAGICIAN, mother!" gasped Candy O'Connor. "But that's perfectly wonderful! I must call up Trish this instant and tell her the news!"

Candy ran to the hall telephone while her mother hurried up the stairs. Mrs. O'Connor wasn't at all certain that she had done a wise thing, allowing the tall magician to take their spare room for a week. And this one, who called himself Mardo the Great, was—well, sort of odd. But awfully distinguished!

"Candace!" called Mrs. O'Connor from the top of the stairs.

Candy hung up the phone and ran up the steps.

"Mother, I'm simply thrilled to death!" she chortled. "Think of it, a real magician in our house!"

Agnes O'Connor made an impatient gesture. "Yes, I can just see rabbits coming out of everybody's hats!"

Candy chuckled. "Oh, mother! Magicians don't go in for such old-fashioned tricks these days!"

"Perhaps not!" Mrs. O'Connor started down the stairs. "He should be here any moment now, and we'll see."

When the chimes rang, Mrs. O'Connor hurriedly opened the front door. There was nobody there. She glanced across the porch. Then a voice spoke behind her:

"Good afternoon, Mrs. O'Connor!"

She whirled, clutching at her throat. "Oh, my!" she gasped. "W-where d-did you come from?"

"I am Mardo the Great," said the tall young man with the vandyke beard. He bowed over Mrs. O'Connor's hand. "I hope I didn't startle you."

"N-no, of course not, Mr. M-Mardo."

Candy came rushing down the stairs and halted abruptly before Mardo, who smiled engagingly at her.

By this time Mrs. O'Connor had regained some of her aplomb.

"Mr. Mardo certainly is a magician, Candace," she said. "He simply appeared out of nowhere at the door. Gave me a creepy feeling."

She turned to the young magician. "Can you disappear at will, too?"

"Hardly, Mrs. O'Connor," he replied in a soft voice. "Or seldom, at least."

Soon after Mardo went to his room the phone rang. Candy picked up the receiver. The call was from Cornelia Clyde, whom most of the girls in Hartwick referred to as "catty."

Cornelia bubbled over the phone. "Why, Candy, he's simply divine! Can you imagine having a real magician at our house?"

Candy tried not to sound too smug. "We also have a magician at our house—Mardo the Great."

Cornelia gasped, "Mardo the Great! Gee, he's one of the top-notchers, isn't he?"

"Natch," said Candy, grinning. "He's handsome, too."

"Oh, well," said Cornelia, "there are probably plenty of great magicians here for the convention. Tina's folks took in two."

The magicians' convention had never been to Hartwick before; it usually selected a large city. So, to give the magicians an impressive welcome, the mayor decided upon a public reception. He called for several youths of the town to act as ushers. One of the boys chosen was Ted Dawson, Candy's boy friend.

Ted drove to the O'Connor house the evening of the reception. He was angry.

"I tell you I don't want to be an usher," he stormed to Candy. "I've got a date with you."

"But Ted, I'll be there, too."

Ted scowled. "Yeah, I know. With that Mardo guy mooning over you every minute of the evening. I don't like that mug."

Candy laughed. "Oh, silly. He only likes me because I'm receptive to thought waves."

"Hunh!" Ted ground his heel into the turf on the lawn. "He's got you hypnotized right now," he said bitterly.

Soon, at the City Auditorium, things got under way. The mayor presented his occult guests and one of the magicians began to do his stuff before a rapt audience.

Ted Dawson seated Candy in the back of the house and went forward to see what he should do next. Backstage, a dozen or more

magicians milled about, readying their apparatus for certain acts. In the group was Mardo the Great. Ted scowled at the young magician, who grinned back in a most friendly manner. Then Mardo wheeled and hurried into the wings. Ted watched as Mardo appeared in the aisle and headed directly toward Candy, seated on the right side of the auditorium. Young Mr. Dawson ground his teeth.

Ted's duties were rather numerous, so he was unable to keep an eye on Mardo and Candy. Two of the other magicians were now going through their routines on the stage, and Ted went on about his business.

Later, while Fiero the Firebrand was putting on his spectacular demonstration of colored fire, someone shouted, "Fire!" The cry came from the wings.

No one thought much of it at first, because the stage was literally covered with varicolored masses of fire—cold fire. Everybody knew that there was no danger from such fire, and even when the shout was repeated several times, there was still no great excitement in the audience.

It was one of the magicians who rushed out on the stage and explained that the fire alarm was really true. He asked that everybody remain seated and keep calm, and assured the audience that there would be no danger.

The stagehands went to work with hoses and extinguishers. People were getting somewhat excited now, and an undercurrent of panic began stirring through the auditorium.

Flames started to lick the wings. Then the big curtain caught and went up in one puff of smoke. Finally the ceiling became a mass of flame.

People were up now, climbing over seats and making for the side exits. Outside a siren screamed. The city fire department was coming. Meanwhile the stage crew tried desperately to chop away debris which blocked the wings.

Mardo the Great stood on the stage begging the audience to keep calm. While he stood thus, a big piece of ceiling sheeting fell beside him with a crash. He hardly gave it a glance.

Now Ted was down among the audience, searching madly for Candy. Where was she? He made his way toward the rear, calling her name every few steps. She didn't answer. Then he thought—Mardo! Undoubtedly the magician had been the last to see her. Ted squeezed back through the milling mob toward the stage again. Maybe Mardo had got Candy out of the auditorium.

When he reached the stage, Ted climbed over the footlights and rushed for the magician, who

was still exhorting the crowd to use reason.

"Candy!" he yelled. "Where is she, Mardo?"

Mardo looked, blinked. "Candy? . . . Oh, of course. She was back there when I last saw her." He pointed toward the right side of the hall.

"She's not there now," Ted exclaimed. "I've got to find her!"

Ted turned to dash away, but Mardo grasped him by the coat. "A moment, lad," he cautioned. "You can't find her if you get panicky. Come, we will both look."

Mardo led the way down off the stage and they elbowed their way toward the right side of the big hall. Flames were crackling everywhere, and the people were yelling and pushing. The exits were crowded as frightened folks stampeded through into the alleys that bordered the sides of the building.

The fire department men came through the street doors with big hoses and chemical equipment. Ted saw them begin chopping at a side door. It wasn't an exit, and he wondered where it led. Finally the door panels gave and the door flew open. The fireman with the axe leaped through. A cloud of smoke poured out from a small vestibule.

Mardo and Ted followed. They saw flames all around the room. Then they saw the fireman picking a girl up from a couch.

"Candy!" gasped Ted through the smoke.

Then Mardo did a strange thing. He made a few rapid passes with his hands toward the fireman. The latter laid the girl down. Mardo motioned to Ted.

As if in a daze, Ted picked Candy up and started through the door. As soon as they were outside and the air hit her, Candy awoke.

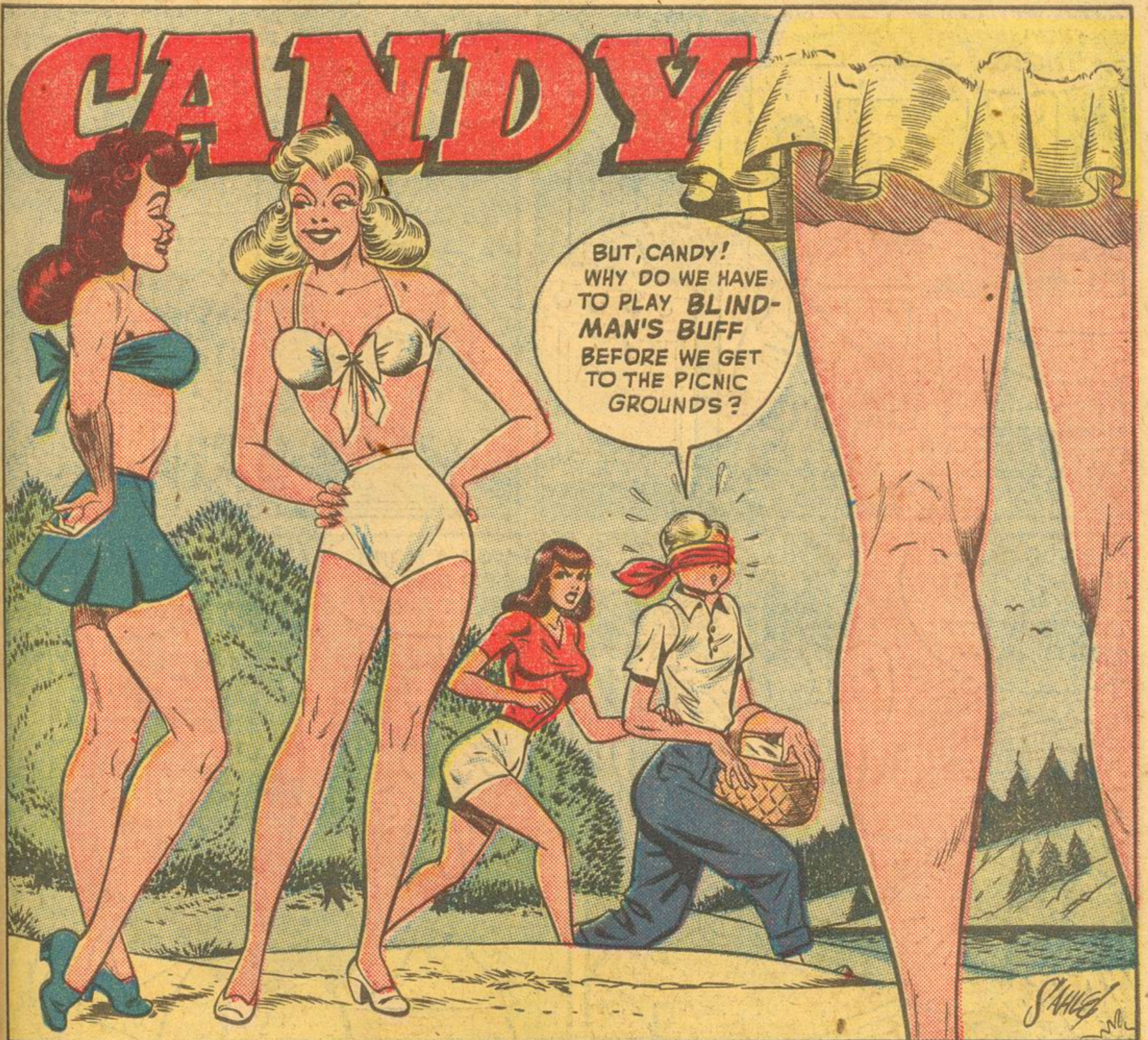
"Oh, Ted," she cried, eyes wide and frightened. "You saved my life. I was scared to death in there. The smoke closed in and I passed out. Gee, it's wonderful to be saved by—you!"

Ted set her on her feet and rubbed his smarting eyes. He was seeing Mardo the Great entirely differently now. It was Mardo who had made this rescue possible. Why had he done it? He had hypnotized the fireman so that he—Ted—could be the hero!

"It was nothing," Ted said humbly, "nothing that I did."

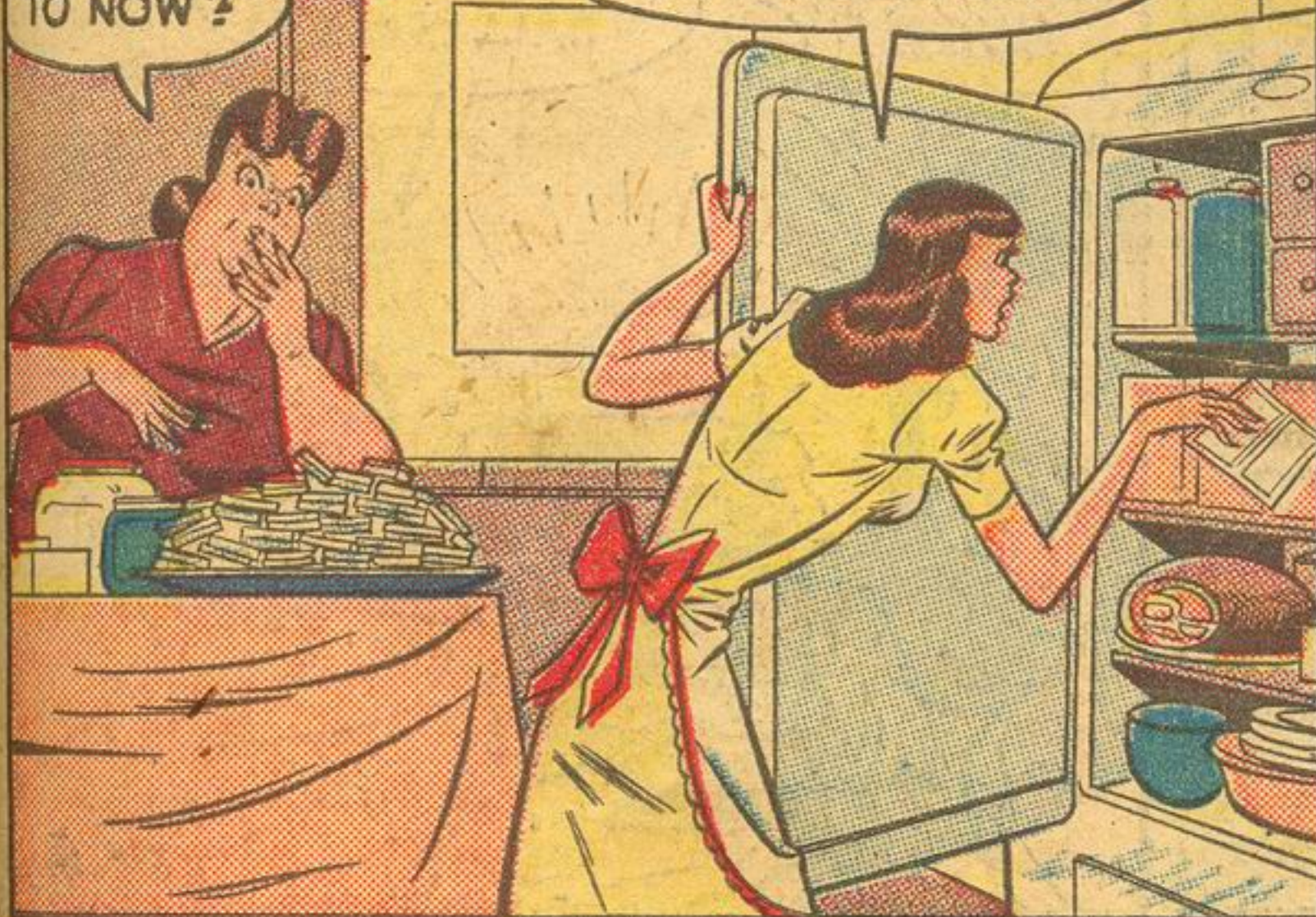
"Why, Ted!" cried Candy. "I think it was the most wonderful thing. . . ."

From a hidden place near by, Mardo the Great smiled at the two youngsters. Sometimes a magician was called upon to perform strange tricks to win his audience.



GOOD HEAVENS,
CANDACE! WHAT
ARE YOU UP
TO NOW?

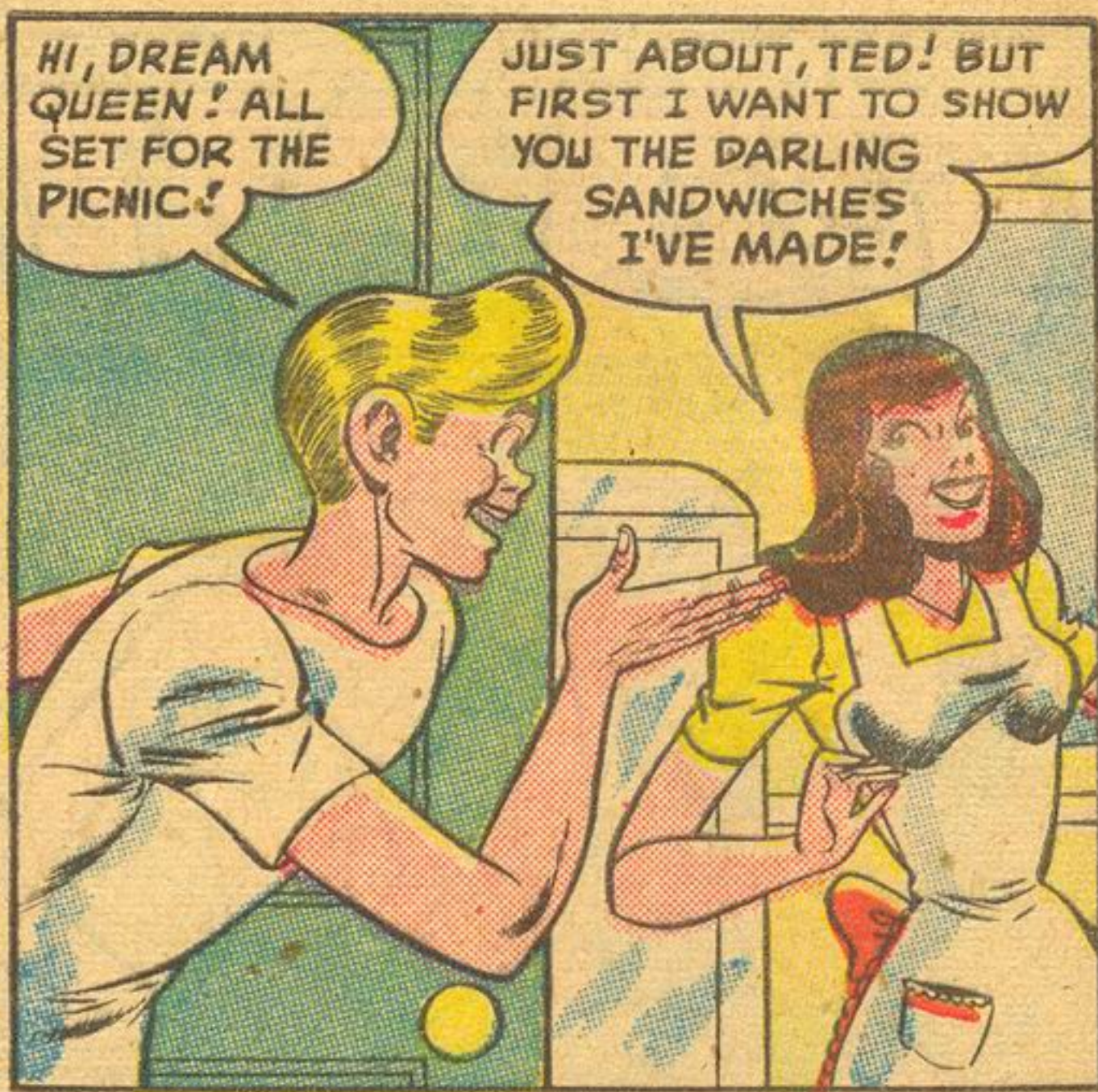
BIG EXCITEMENT, MOMS!
I'M PACKING A LUNCH
FOR THE SCHOOL PICNIC!



HMM! THAT ISN'T
VERY HARDY FARE
FOR A PICNIC!

WHY, THESE
SANDWICHES
ARE LOVELY! TED
WILL LIKE THEM...
ESPECIALLY
THOSE
ROSEBUDS!





CANDY

BASEBALL?
DOES THAT MEAN
OUR WALK IN THE
WOODS IS OUT,
TED DAWSON?

NOW DON'T RUMPLE YOUR
PAGE-BOY, CANDY! I
PROMISED THE GUYS I'D
PLAY, AND
BESIDES...

HMPH!

I'M THE
ATHLETIC
TYPE!

ATHLETIC, PHOOEY!
GIVE ME THE POETIC
TYPE FOR A PICNIC!

WELL, GOSH! A GUY'S
GOTTA GET SOME
EXERCISE, AND
BASEBALL'S...

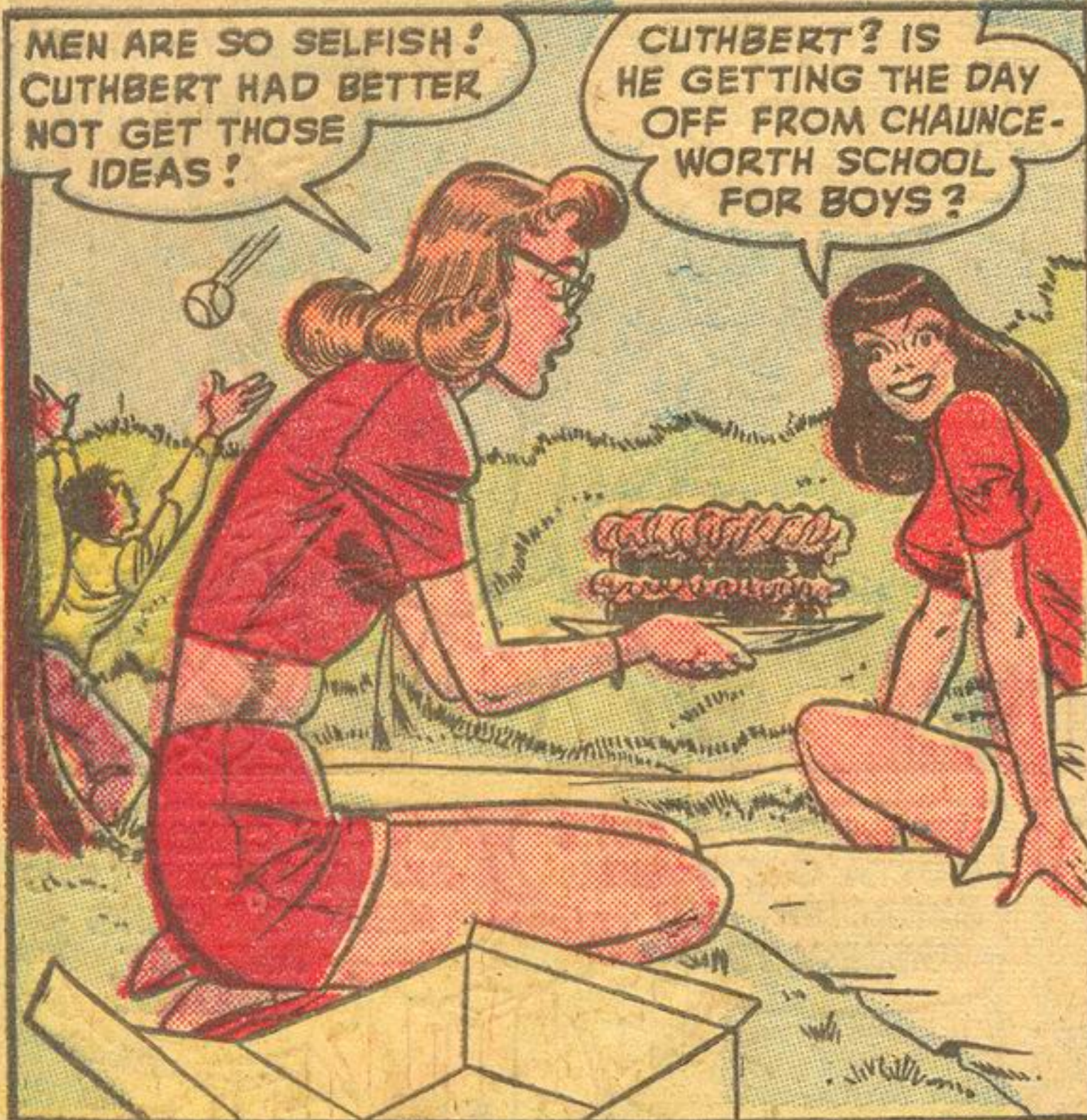
YOU CAN CANCEL THE
EXPLANATIONS! LET'S
MEET THE GANG
AND GET
STARTED!

TED'S GOING TO
SPEND THE DAY
BEING ATHLETIC ON
THE BASEBALL FIELD,
TRISH!

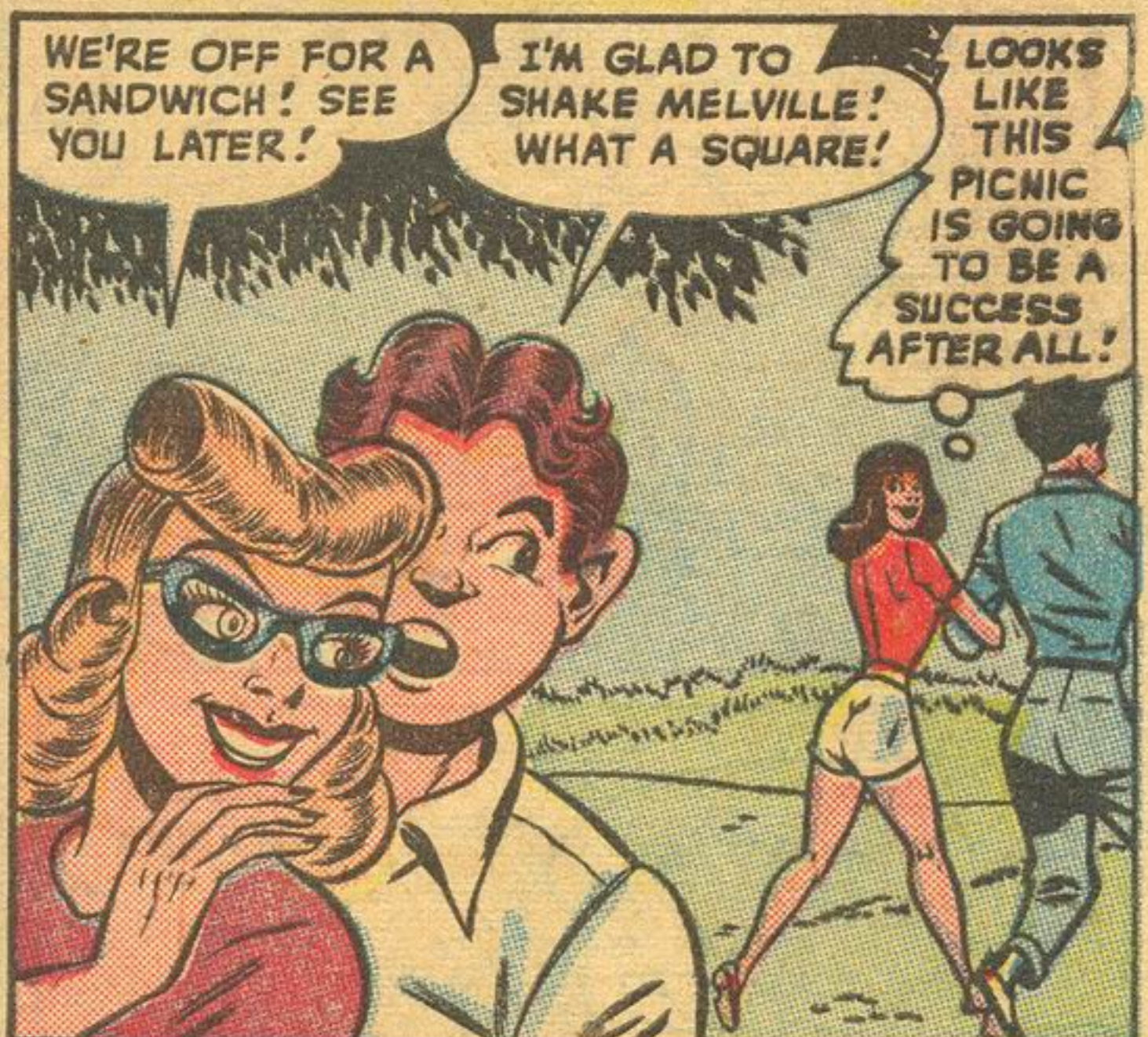
AW, GIVE A GUY A
CHANCE, CANDY! I
MAY TURN OUT TO
BE THE
STAR
PLAYER!

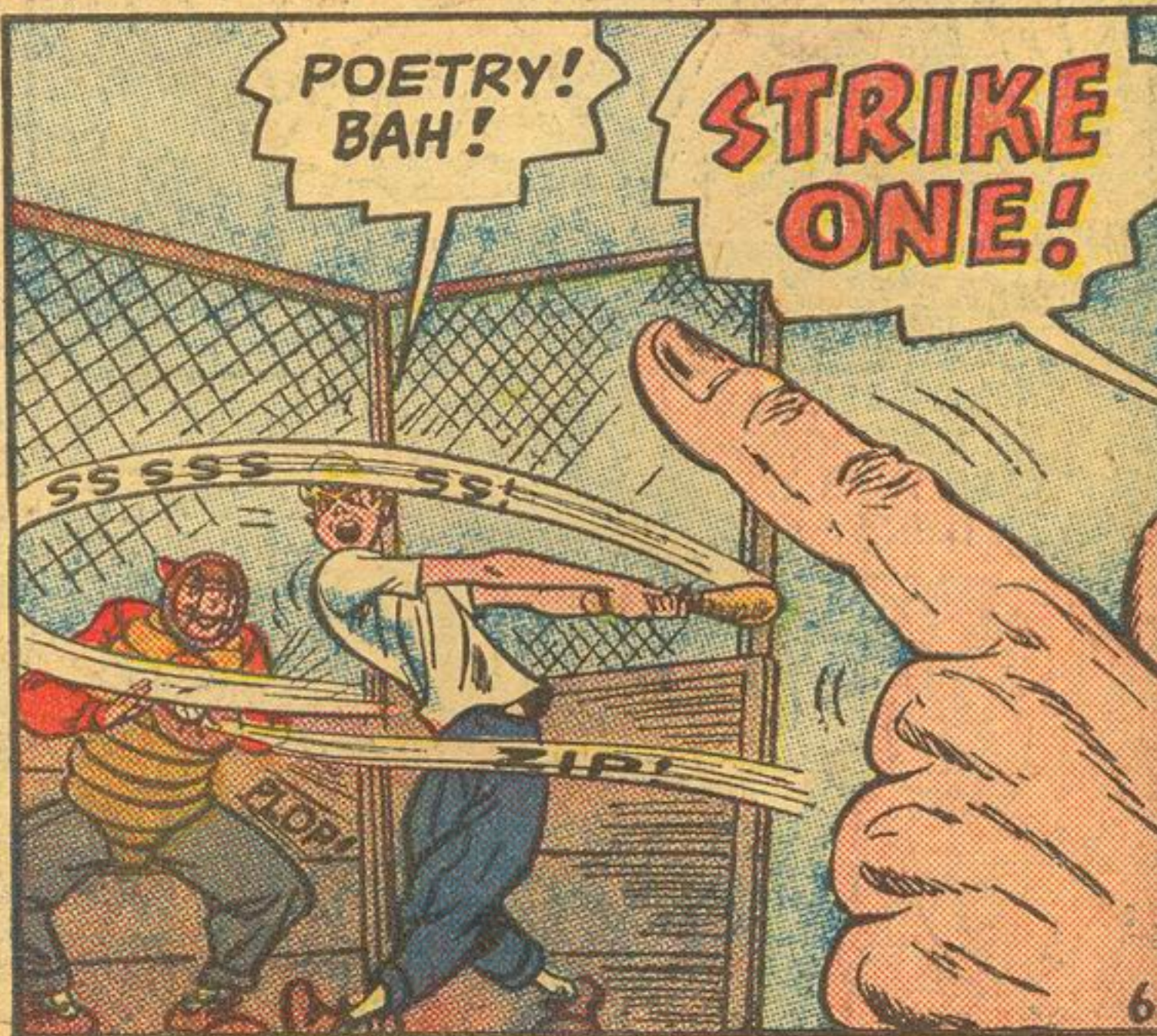
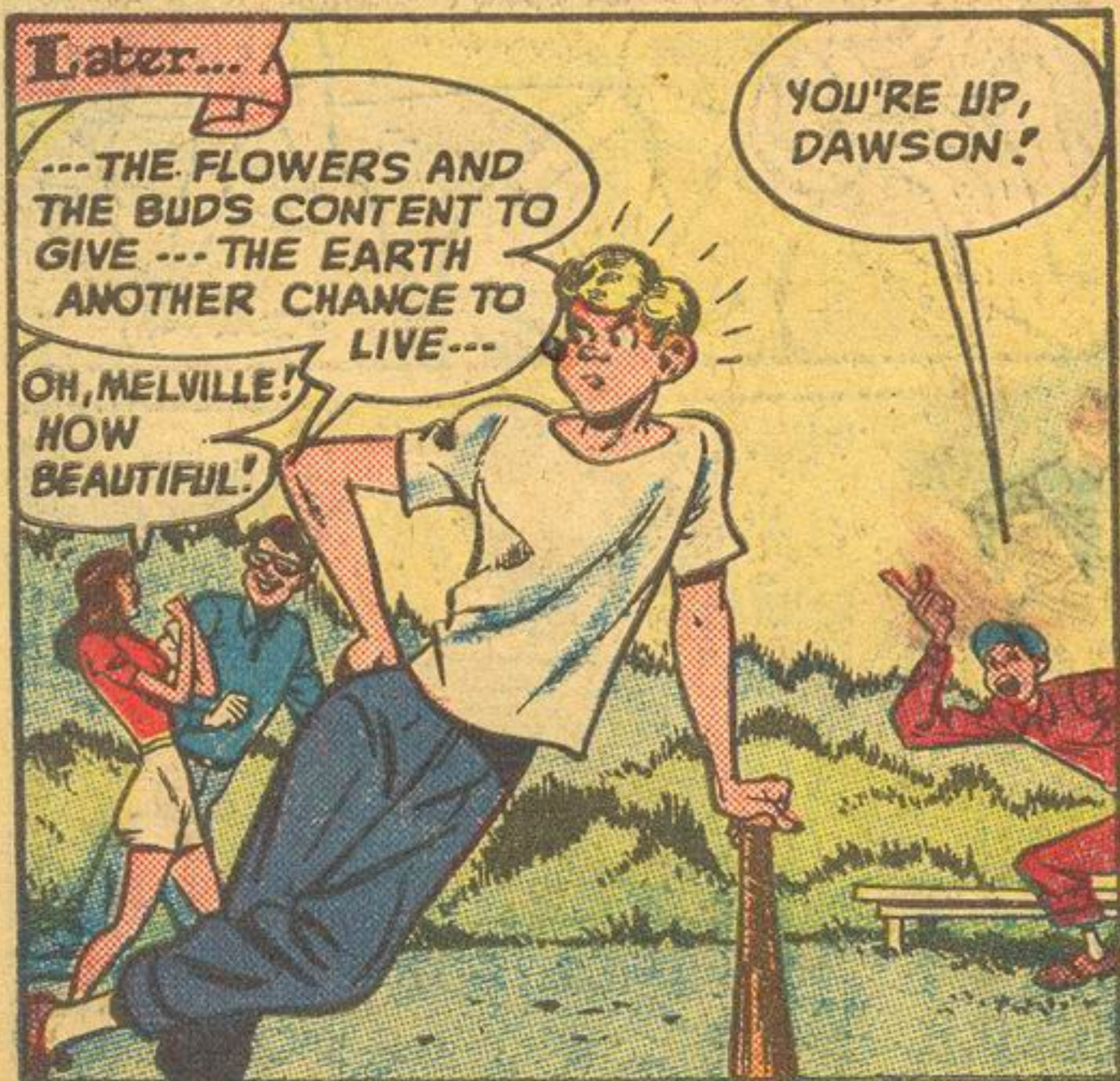
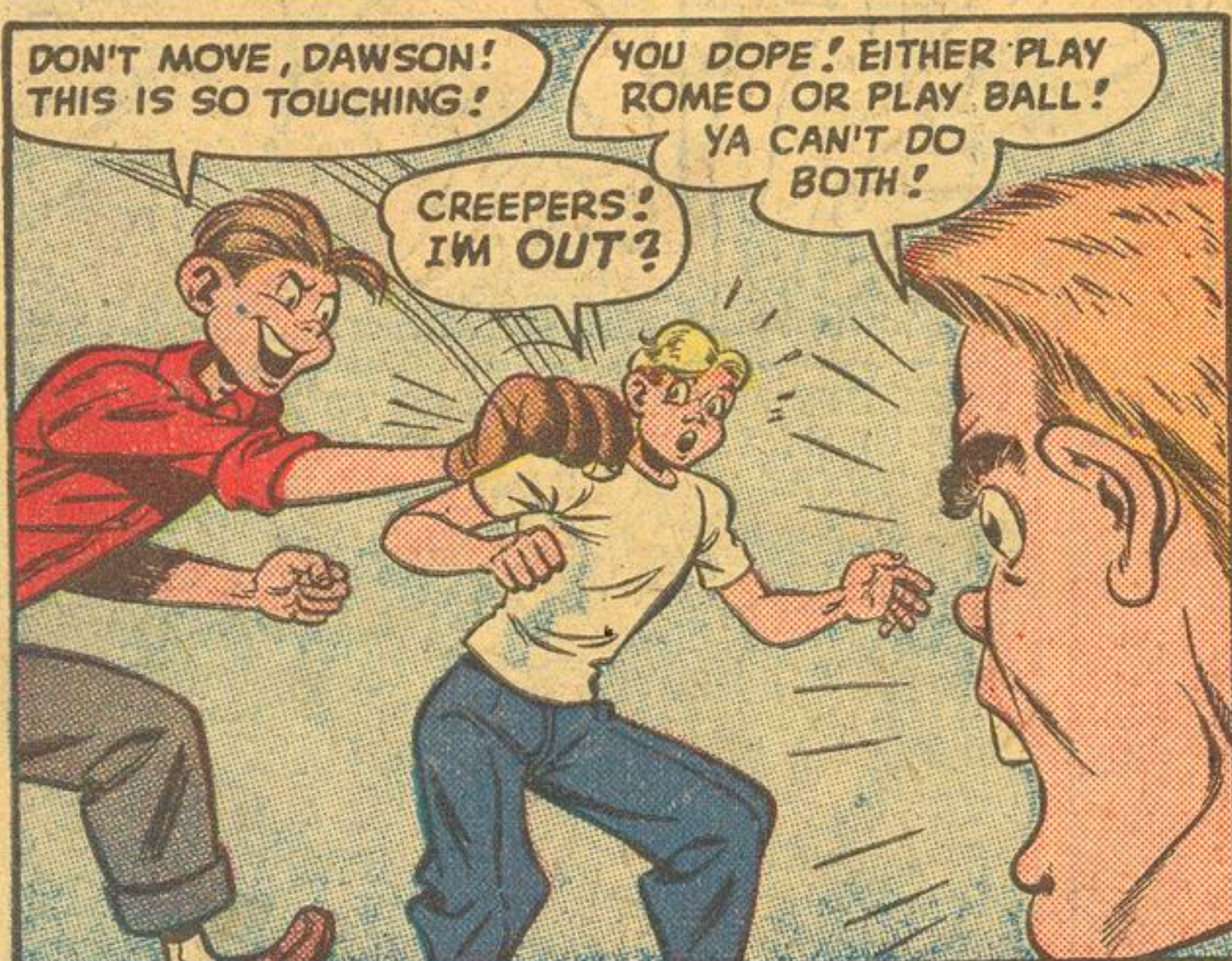
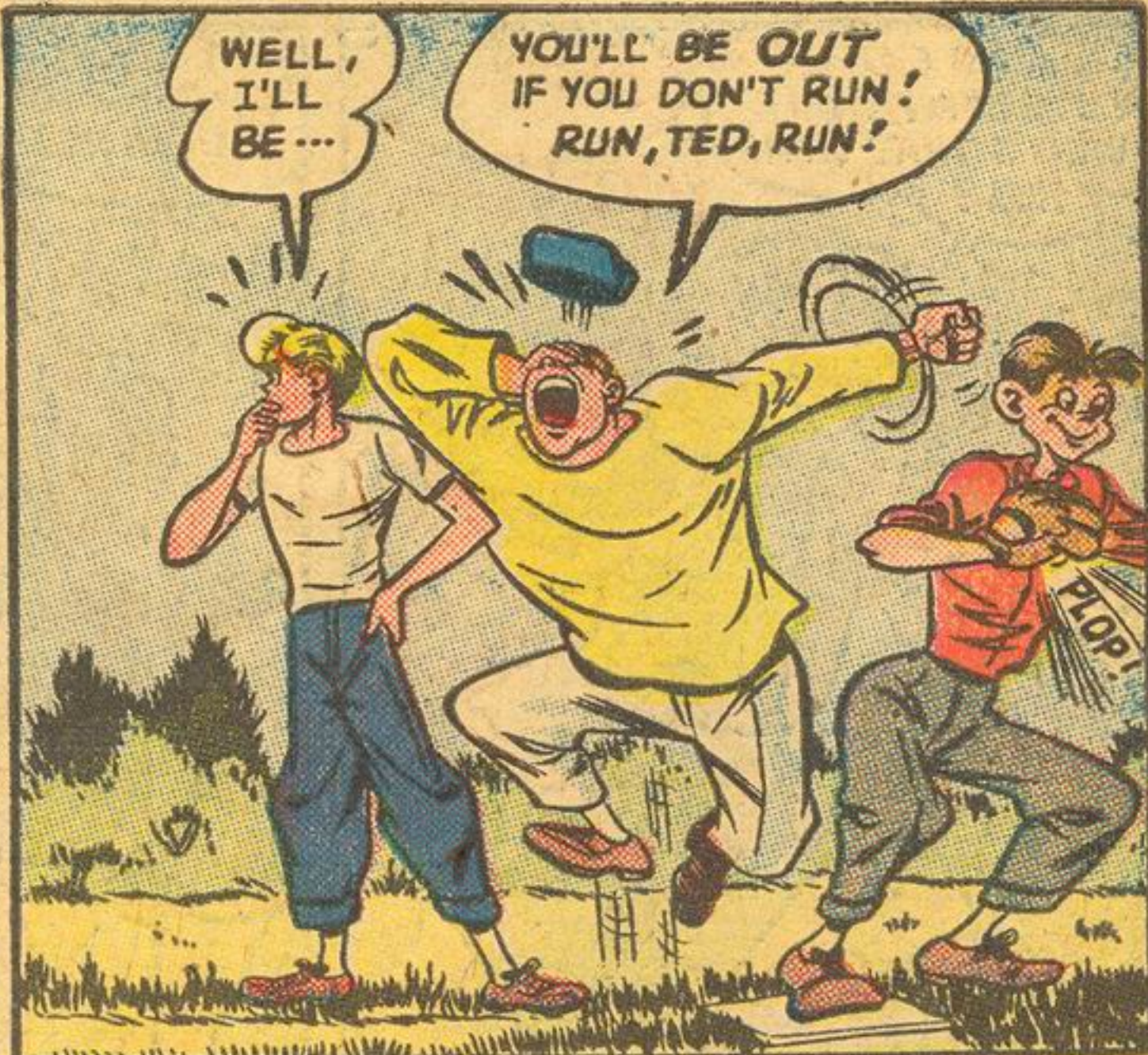
THAT IS
EXTREMELY
DOUBTFUL,
MR. DAWSON!

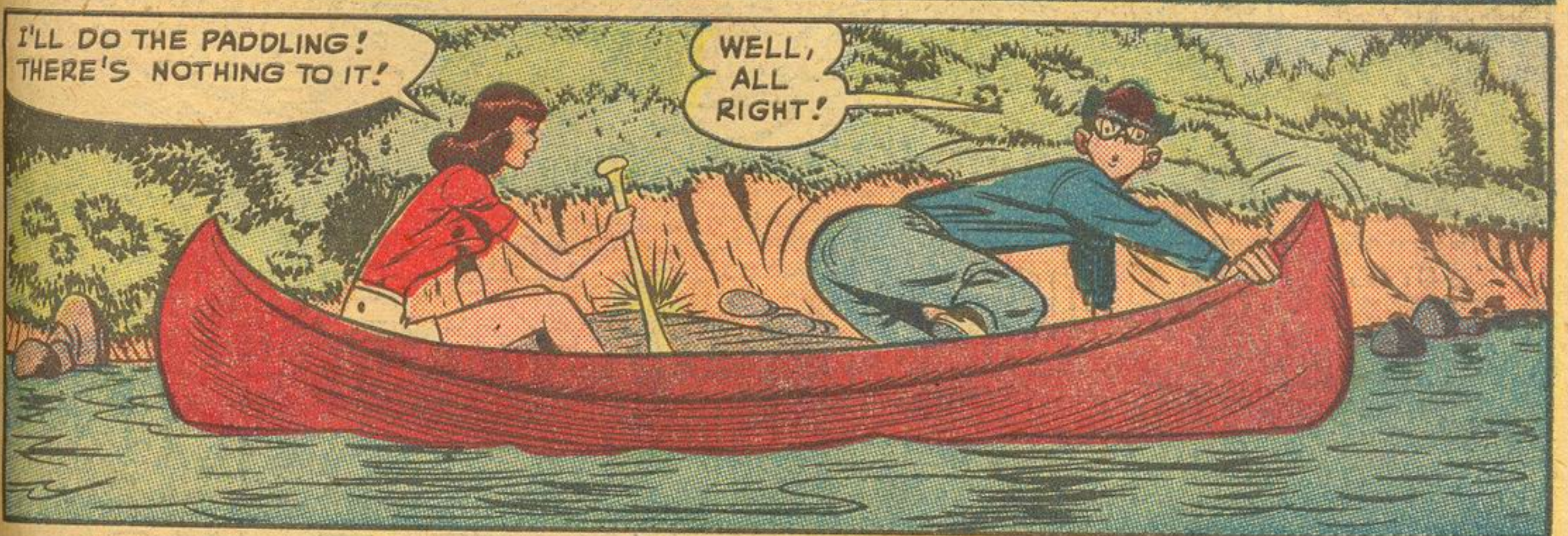
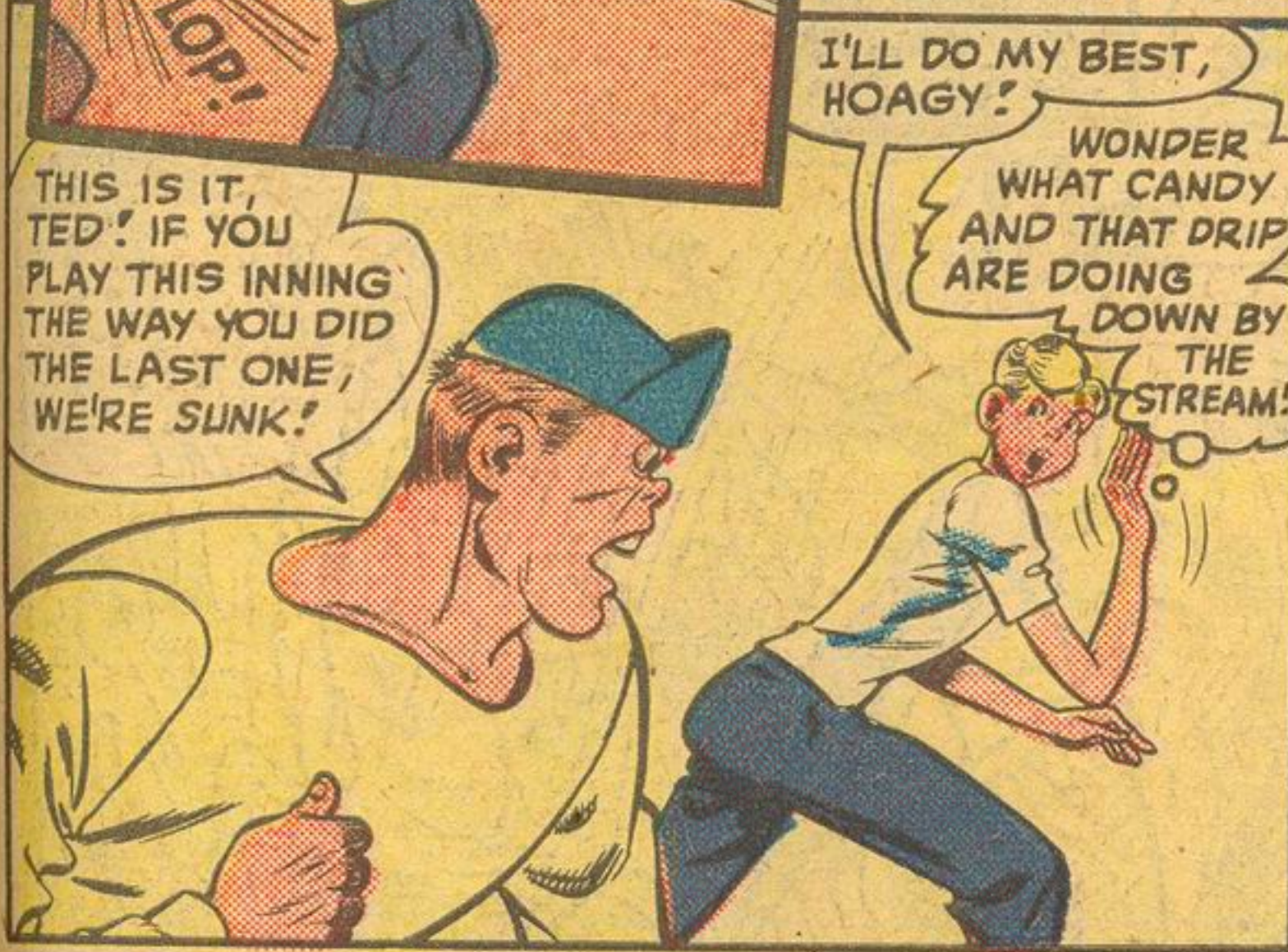
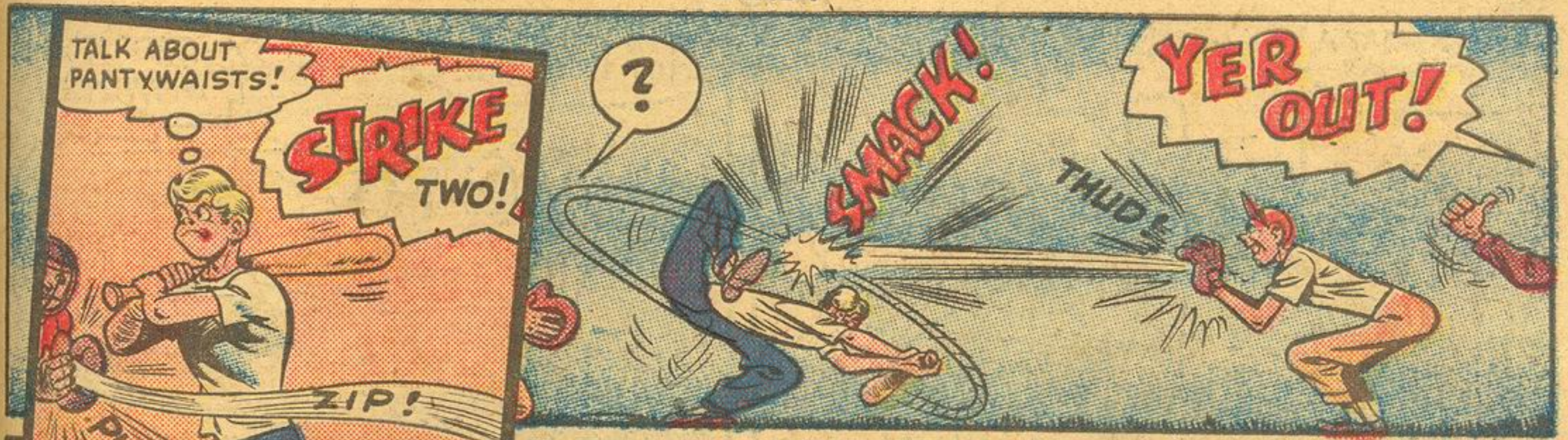
OKAY, IF THAT'S
YOUR ATTITUDE!

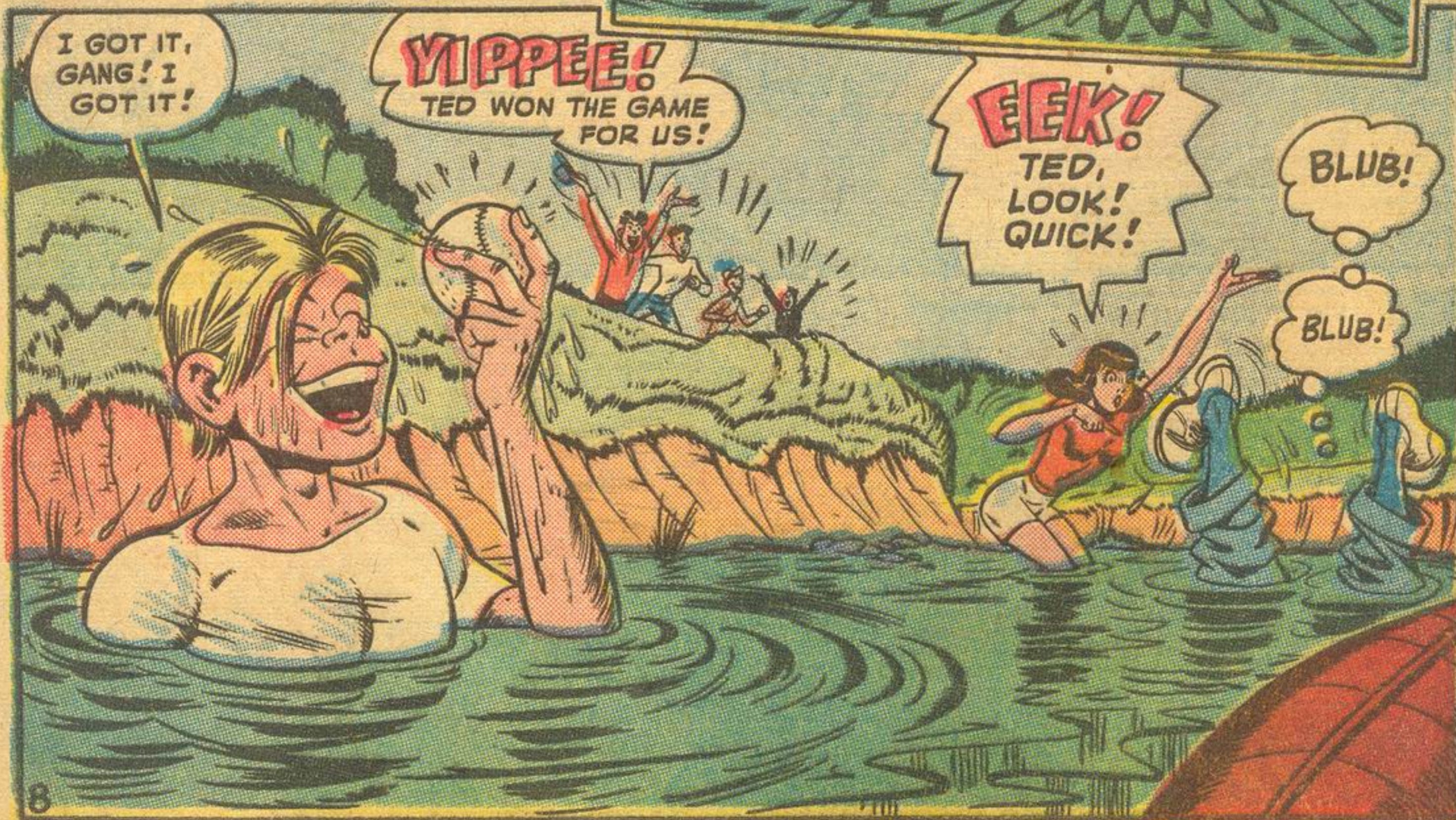
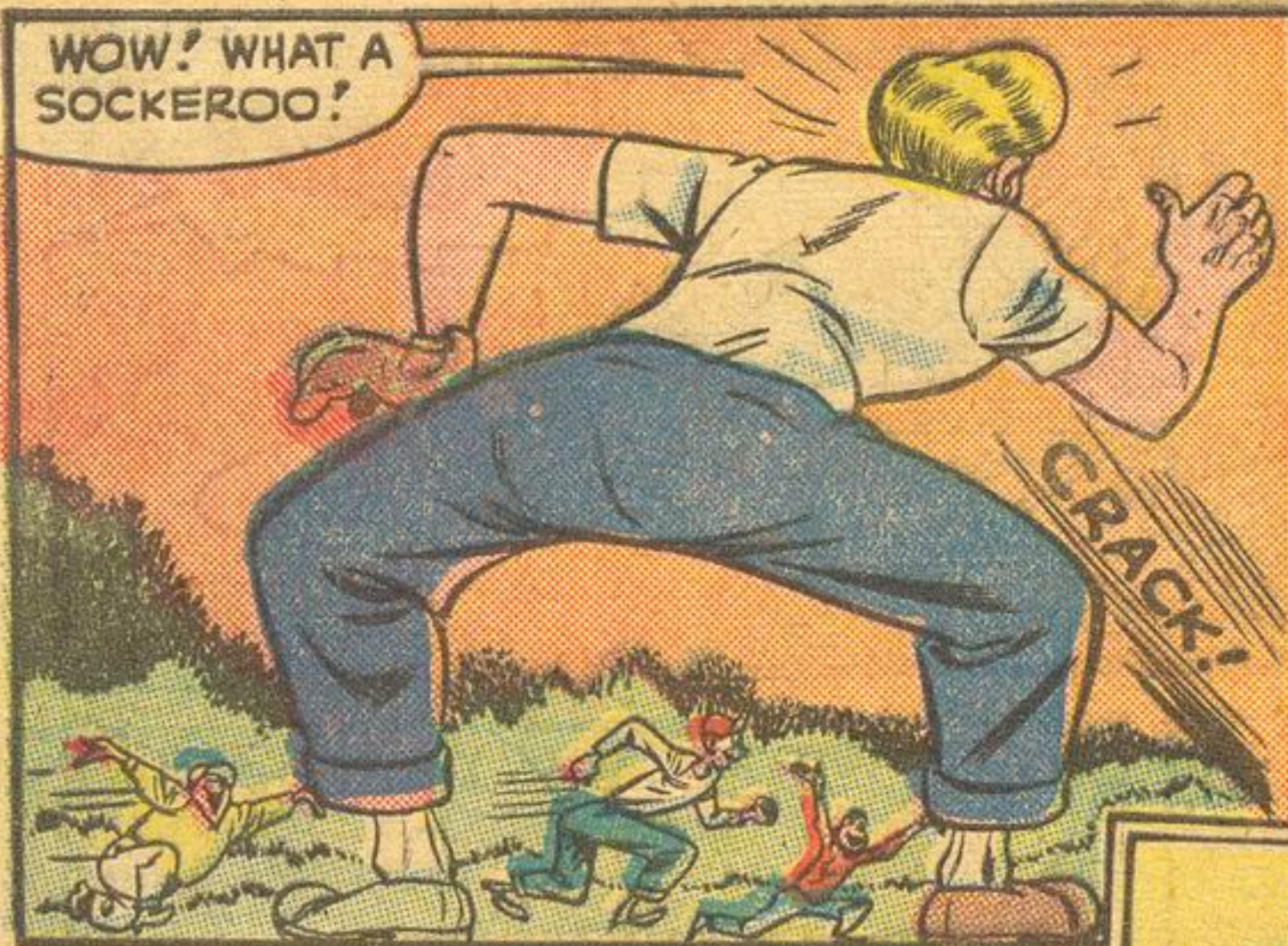


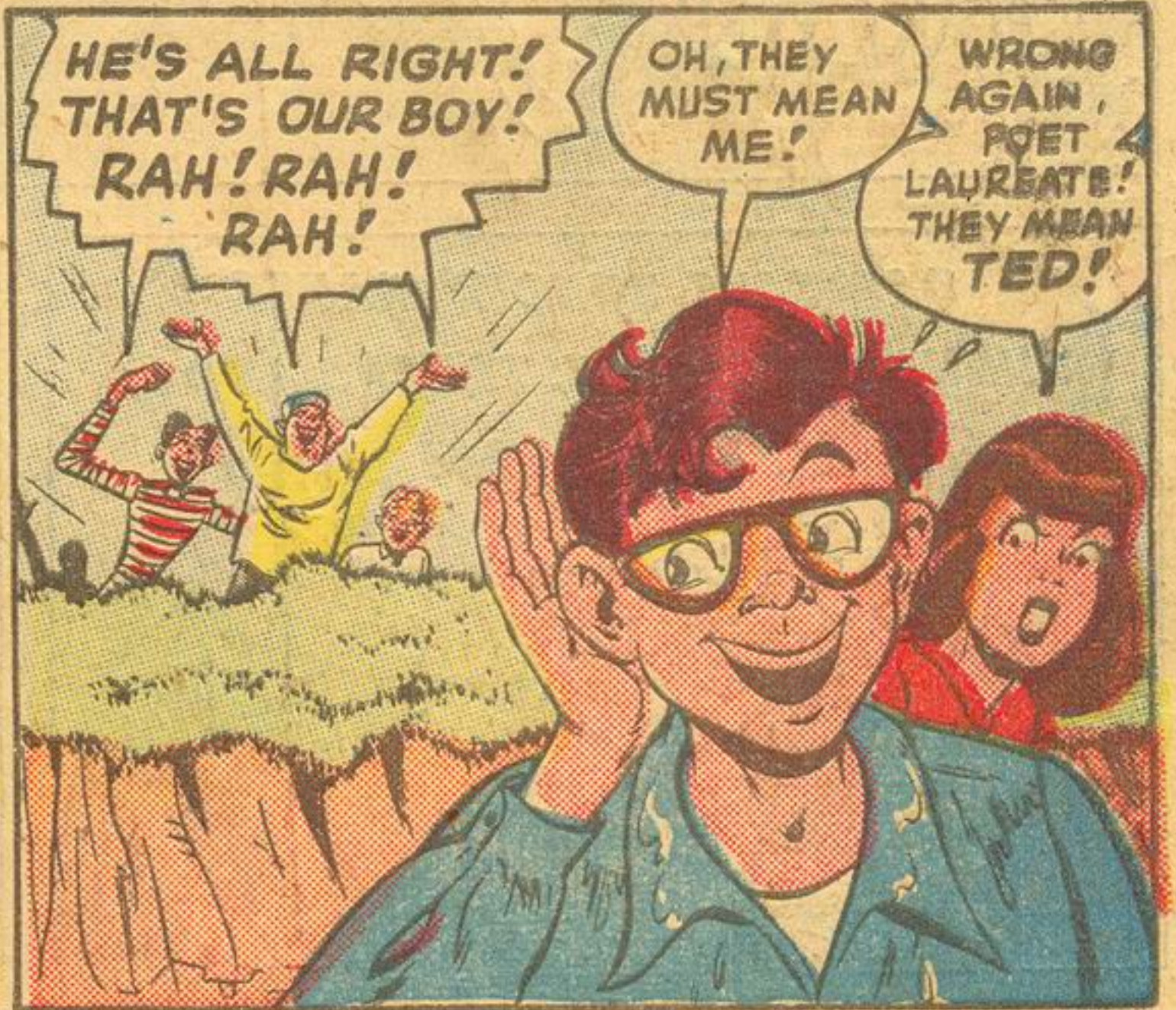
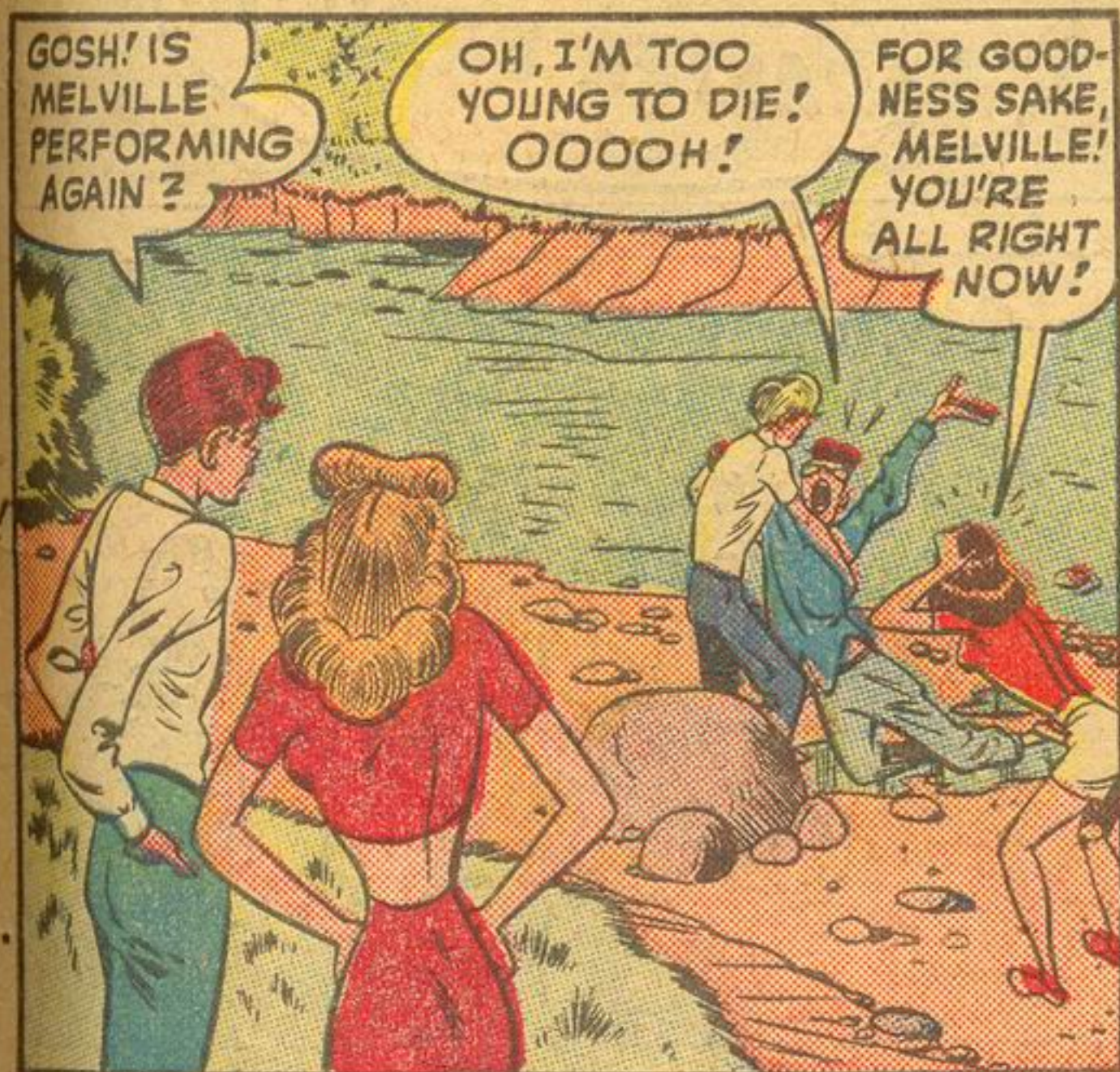
CANDY











WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER
AND STOPS
QUICKER!

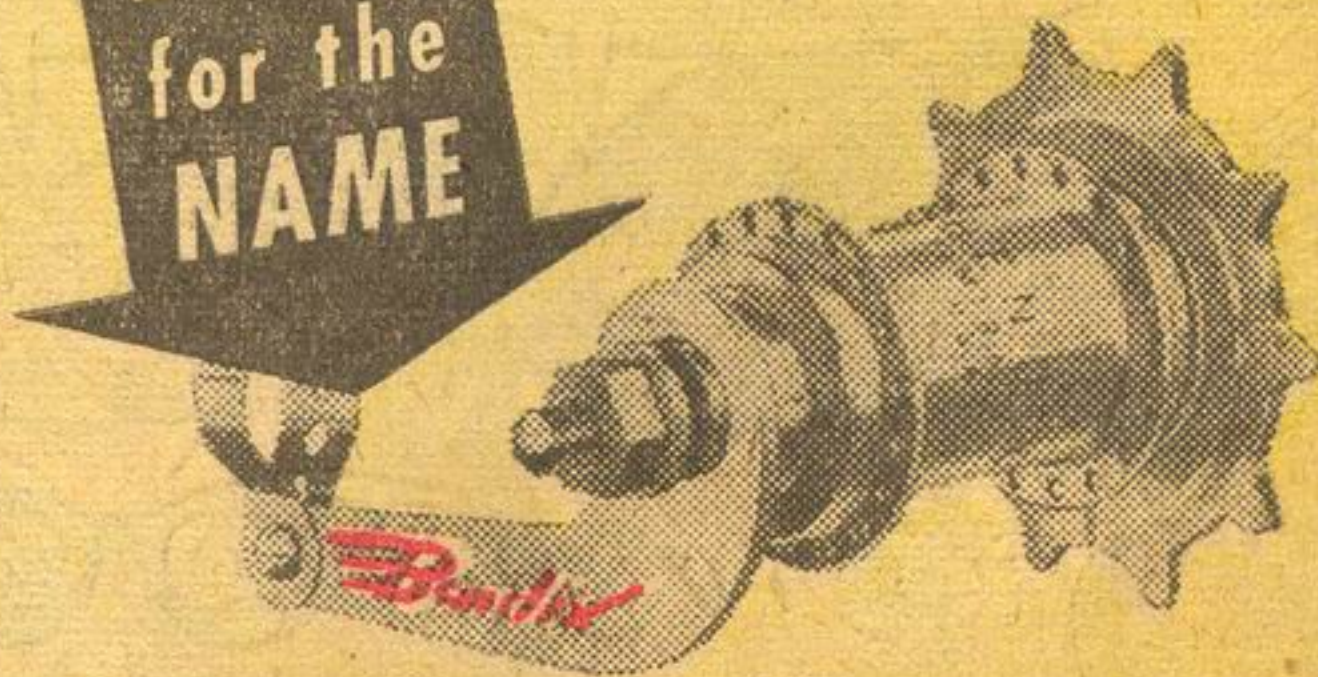


If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life—Dependable performance—
Fewer parts—Easy to put together and
take apart—Sealed against dirt and water.

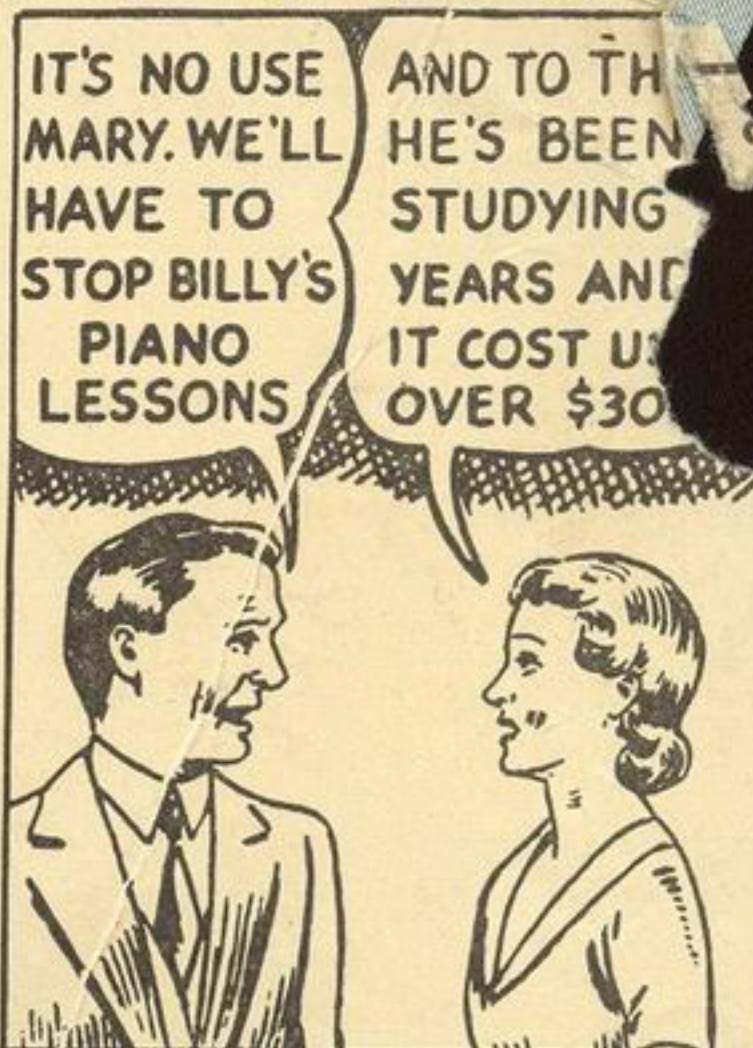
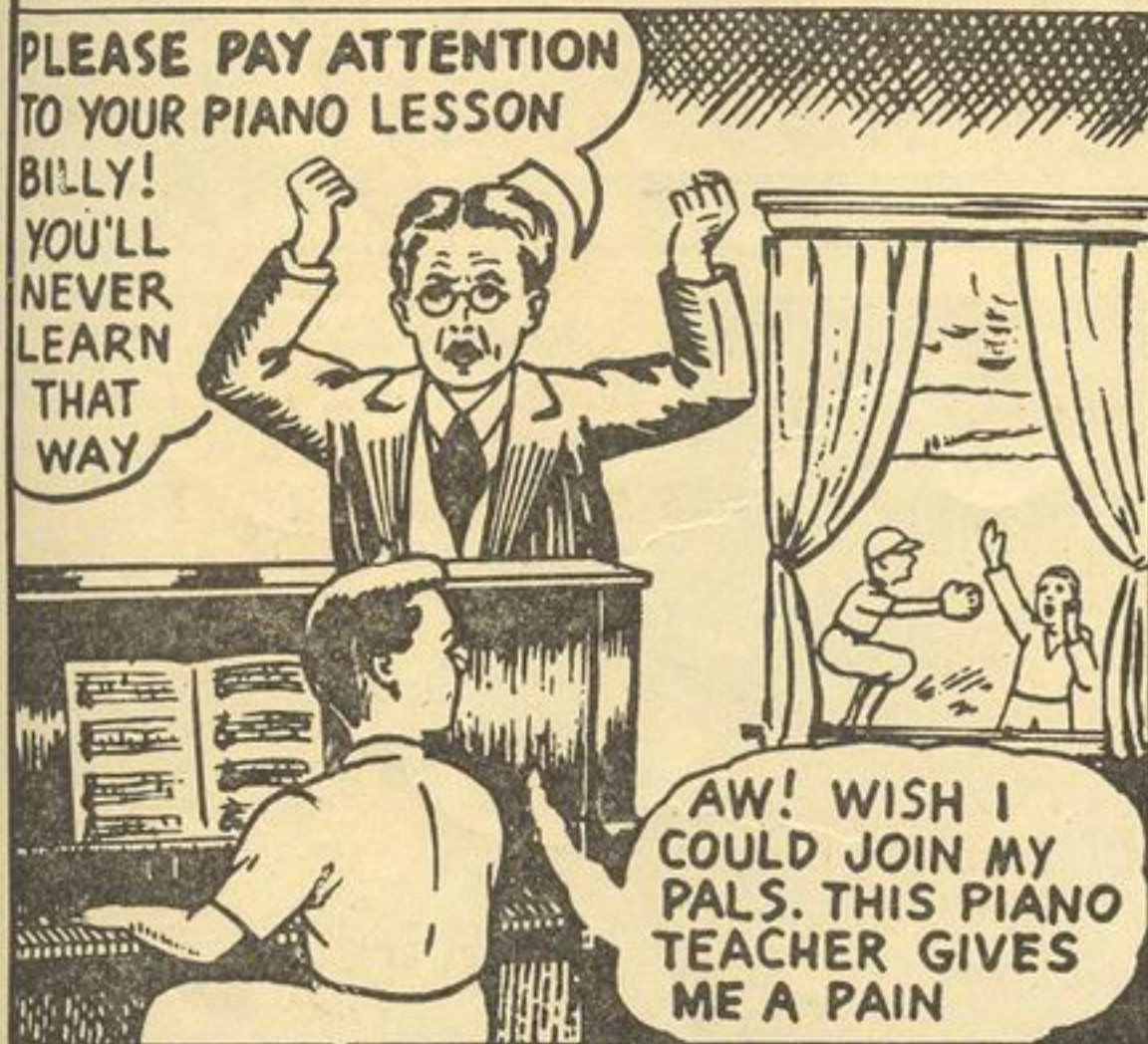
LOOK
for the
NAME



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY



IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?

WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY \$2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE, 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!

This amazing invention fits any piano and guides your fingers through the most complicated melodies and tunes. No tedious drills or exercises. You get quick and pleasing results by following our Easy ABC PICTURE METHOD containing 25 complete lessons. And in addition there are 33 popular songs so arranged that anyone, even a child, can play them all from 4 simple chords. Now there's no need to envy your piano-playing friends. Overnight, you, too, will become the life of the party.

FREE NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER

Because of the unusual success of our exclusive method, our generous NO RISK offer must prove everything we claim or it costs you nothing. The 25 lesson ABC PICTURE COURSE with 33 SONGS ARRANGED TO PLAY FROM 4 CHORDS and the newly-invented CHORD-SLIDE DEVICE cost only \$2 complete-not a penny more to pay EVER. SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon to-day and when the course arrives, pay only \$2 plus the C. O. D. charges (We prepay postage if you enclose \$2) Then, if after 5 days you are not actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note, return the entire course and your \$2 will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music
Studio 4006 Struthers 3, Ohio
☐ Subject to your Money-Back Guarantee, I am enclosing \$2 (cash, check or money order) as full payment for the new CHORD-SLIDE INVENTION, the self-teaching "ABC PICTURE-METHOD" and the 33 POPULAR SONGS, all arranged to be played with 4 simple chords. You agree to pay the postage.
☐ Send COD and I will pay \$2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.
Sorry, no C.O.D.'s to Canada.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....



NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY ONE TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE DAY

U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOILING The LUNATIC'S REVENGE



...U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN 'LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...

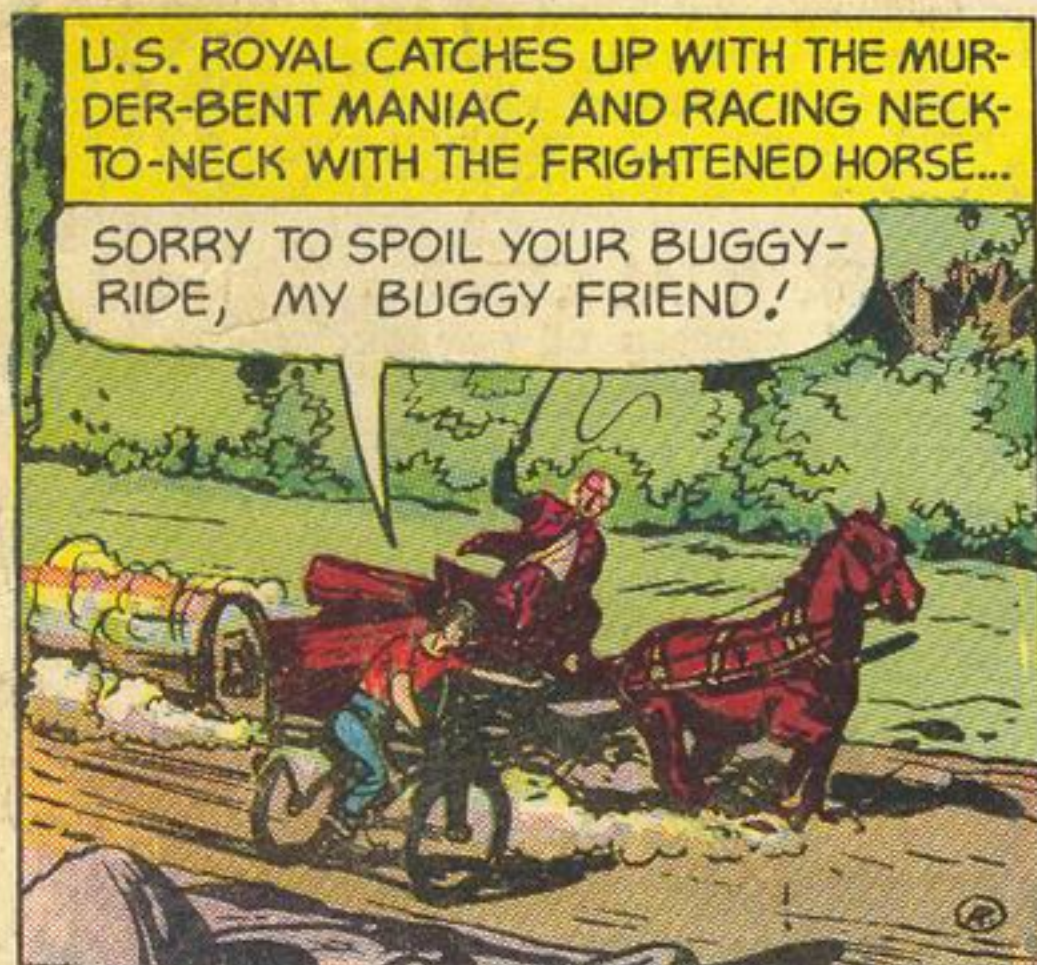


THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

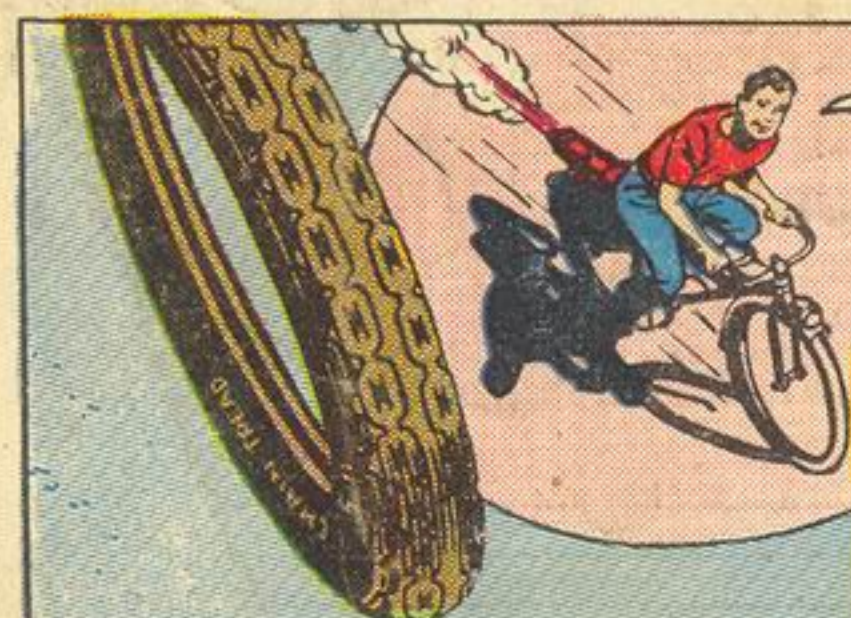
GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES -- WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



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